

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

ELIZABETH FRY was born in England, in the year 1780. Her father, Mr. Gurney of Norwich, was a leading Quaker, so that the early associations of his daughter were entirely among that sect. The family was one of great wealth and respectability, and has given England several eminent philanthropists.

Elizabeth was substantially educated, and learned such accomplishments as the peculiar sentiments of her father sanctioned. She seems to have been naturally serious and thoughtful, so that the gravity of her training imposed no restraint on her disposition.

Had she been permitted to mingle in the gayeties usual to her age, she would have declined them from inclination. Parties of pleasure had less attraction for her than her school of eighty poor children, which, while still a girl in her teens, she gathered in her father's house, and to which she devoted many hours every day.

Yet Elizabeth was by no means a recluse. A heart so full of pity for the poor, was warmed also by the tenderest domestic attachments, and the best social impulses. Her person was very attractive, her face was fair and regular, with a pleasing expression,

her voice soft and musical, and her whole appearance expressed sweetness and dignity.

At the age of twenty Miss Gurney married Mr. Fry, a gentleman of liberal heart, who warmly sympathized in the philanthropic labors of his wife.

As mother and mistress of a family, Mrs. Fry was most exemplary, although a leading promoter of those charities for which Quakers have always been distinguished, and often devoting a large portion of her time to personal labors, she still found leisure to fulfill all her household duties, and to instill into the hearts of her children those principles of which she was herself so bright an ornament.

Mrs. Fry's first introduction to prison labors was accidental. Visiting Newgate, without any special purpose, she was deeply affected by the miserable condition of the women confined there. She was never seen to weep idly over suffering without an effort for its relief. Nor was she one to form grand parlor schemes of charity, while she left all the irksome details to others. She went herself day after day to that loathsome abode of vice and misery, gathered mean groups of degraded women about her, and spoke such words of peace and love as had never fallen on their ears before. These forlorn and ragged outcasts, whom even humanity seemed to have cast off, listened and wondered. They began to feel that there might be a future of hope even for them, and to look upon their benevolent visitor as an angel of consolation. From this simple beginning sprang an extended scheme for prison labors, in which, when the work became too great for her, many noble women entered.

For the last half century the name of Mrs. Fry has been identified with most of the great movements for alleviating the condition of the poor and forsaken. She has traveled over all Europe, inspecting, not museums and picture galleries, but hospitals and prisons, gathering up, not curiosities of art, but records of woe. She has in-

formed herself by personal inspection of the condition of her own sect in England, making for many years an annual visit to the churches, when she would gather around her the female part of the congregations, inquire into their spiritual history, experience, and progress, and seek to inspire them with something of her own heavenly spirit.

It is not easy to over-estimate the character of this excellent lady. Reared in affluence, endowed with refined tastes, and warm, social, and domestic affections, she cheerfully relinquished their enjoyments that she might bring divine consolation to the most miserable of her sex.

Mrs. Fry died in 1845. Her death called forth many warm expressions of veneration and respect, and was deeply regretted throughout the continent she had blessed with her labors, but it is perhaps her highest testimonial that the poor wept at her grave.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

BY M. S. L.

YE snugly housed and warmly clad,
Oh! turn not from the poor;
Whose homes are bare, whose hearts are sad,
Who linger near your door.

Children of want, but not of shame,
Oh, spurn them not away,
Till you have learned from whence they came,
And why they're cold to-day.

Oh! say not there's enough and more
Each laborer's toil to bless,
And if they toiled and saved their store,
Their wants would now be less.

May be if you the truth could know,
That's hoarded in their breast,
'T would prove they labored more than you,
Though not like you they're blest.

Perchance, let them the tale but tell,
Another's sin would show,
Why they in poverty must dwell —
Why drain the cup of woe.

Thou hast but what thou did'st receive
From Him whose all things are;
He gave that thou might'st want relieve —
He marks each steward's care.

SPRINGBROOK, N. Y., Jan., 1857.

EFFIE; OR, CHILD-SORROWS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

NO ebon eye, or raven hair, set off our Effie; an elder sister sported these, and called *her* tow-head. Almost invariably, when presented as Kitty's sister, was she doomed to hear some allusion to their contrasted looks. In short, every thing tended to make her feel that the Fates had chosen her to personify ugliness. Even her mother, though kind in her way, had too much scrupulous conscientiousness to say more by way of solace than "Handsome is what handsome does, so you must try and behave." But as well might our heroine have acquired the skill to metamorphose her physical structure, as to "behave" according to her mother's understanding of the injunction, if indeed she herself had any idea of its real meaning.

One thing was certain, Effie was sure to be at fault if she "behaved" at all—her form was gross, her gait awkward, and her tones disagreeable; while Kitty, with witching voice, could chat, or read, or sing, all conscious of her power to please, Effie could seldom *speak* audibly but her manner offended the fastidious ears about her, and yet she could not be silent, when, doubtless, the place of speaker better became her seniors.

No whitened sepulchre was this gray-eyed, flaxen-haired child. Enshrined in an unpolished exterior, was a soul in dimension too cumbrous for the casket. Do what she would, its gushings would ooze out in words, untimely and unbecoming in the judgment of the family. Young as she was, her mind would think, and her tongue betray that thought, and this subjected her to most painful trial. You who fancy "children do not mind," review with us some incidents in her early history, and then be cautious how you deal with such as she.

Of a lively and ardent temperament, Effie under proper discipline would have returned any amount of filial or sisterly affection, but a pre-

dominant principle with her was exactness; she had hoarded the oft-repeated adage, "Give every one his honest due;" and in her child-mind she deemed it just as improper to manifest more regard than the amount to which she seemed debtor, as to have withheld from others a portion of what was really their due. Of a precocious temperament, she could recall the impressions of her mother pale with affright, lest some fatal harm had befallen her, ere her practiced tongue had learned to lisp the fond mamma; but, if there ever was a period when the tiny arm encircled that mother's neck, or the head reposed confiding upon her bosom, it had faded from recollection. Kitty, too, in all the assumed dignity of an elder sister, giving lessons of wisdom, and sometimes condescending to bribe to what she thought proper, was ever present to her imagination; but never an affectionate caress from sister's lip; had warmed her homely cheek.

To have said "you lie," to a playmate, would have shocked her own sense of propriety, but imitative to a fault she had caught at the more refined term falsehood, without fully comprehending its signification, and, ere long, playfully said, "Why, ma, you tell a falsehood;" and how was her spirit crushed when met with the reply, "Is it possible I have lived to hear a child tell me I lie? Oh! it will break my heart! I can never teach you as my child again till you ask my forgiveness," groans and tears accompanying the outbreak of grief. Had she said, "Come to your mother, my daughter, and let her tell you what falsehood means, and then be sorry that you have said what fairly understood would be a great offense." How would she have rushed to those maternal arms, rejoicing thus to make reparation, and what mutual confidence would have been inspired by the transaction. But, held at such a distance, as seemed to say "You are a tainted thing," how could she unaided, remove the barrier that another had reared?

Had she but asked "Are you sorry?" most gladly would she have said, "Yes, ma," with all her heart, though incapable of understanding the ground of her offense; but the impassable gulf she could not remove, and at this chilling distance her lips refused to utter what her heart felt. So she retired to her chamber, and in the agony of her grief, wished she might die!

Effie did n't die, gentle reader; she could not die of mere heart-ache any more than we older ones, till she had drained the portion that was meted for her.

"I wish you would n't speak again, Effie, when anybody is by," said her mother; "I was so ashamed I did not know where to put my head to hear you prompt your old grandfather when he made a little mistake in his reckoning to-day. I should think I had told you often enough that little folks should be seen and not heard;" and waxing warmer as she proceeded, "now go to your room, and stay till you learn to behave;" soliloquizing while Effie was within hearing, "that child would get a great many more favors than she does if she only looked better."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Effie, as she seated herself down, what shall I do? not fit to be heard or seen either. My mother says, 'handsome they that handsome do;' how I wish she would teach me what to do. I am sure I would do any thing to be handsome in her eyes."

Just then she discovered her pet kitten skipping about the room, and smiling through a tear, said, "Come here, kit; let's see if we can't make ourselves agreeable. Come, sit on my lap, and let me make a little verse for you." Shortly after, her sister coming toward the door heard her repeating:

"We've considered this matter, pussy and I,
That we each look alike from out a gray
eye;
We'll tell sister Kitty, though she may keep
shy,
That we mean to be friends this pussy and I."

"And so, *Miss Effie*, you are really

making love to the cat, and rhymes about it, are you? Ma would feel very bad to know that you are trying so hard to be older than your years. At this rate you may pass for a disappointed maiden before you even get to your teens."

Whether but for this sisterly satire, Effie might have become a child-poet, another *Lucretia M. Davidson*, can never be known, for it was long years before if she even thought another rhyme that she durst lisp it.

Reverses, such as are often met, induced the parents of Effie to seek a rural home during her early years, where, as a matter of expediency, they resolved to conform to the circumstances and customs of their less refined and intelligent neighbors. Accordingly, when a new bed-quilt was about to be added to their country store, Effie attired in her Sunday best, with foot alert and light of heart, sat off with verbal invitations to "the quilting." The wonted caution, "Now, do n't talk much, and mind what you say," being powerless to blunt the pleasure she felt in contemplating the anticipated novel gathering, and herself the trustworthy agent, in the business of delivering messages which was to bring about such a result. Over and again she mentally repeated her lesson, and varied not a word from the prescribed form.

But her errand done, she was more than once subjected to an ordeal of questioning, and cross-questioning, by persons who did n't see how the Greens come to make a quilting, and invite their poor neighbors, and wondered if they would n't slight somebody.

No marvel if one of her simplicity and ingeniousness, her readinss of thought and volubility of tongue, said some things that she could not afterward recall. She however was conscious of nothing amiss, and all passed merrily till the ushering in of the to her eventful day.

"I do n't believe in going to quilting just time enough to get my tea," said

Madam Benevolence, adjusting her glasses, and threading her needle as she spoke; "and being you are strangers here, I thought I would come in the morning and stay all day, and show you what it is to do the real generous thing. And I don't know as I ought to say any thing about it, though, but to tell the truth, there's trouble abroad. Becca Jones told my girls last night that she'd stay at home and mend her stockings — very likely they need it — before she would come to help you, for you only invited her because she was going to keep our school this summer, and you thought, may be, she would be offended, and abuse your children. I told her I didn't believe a word of it, but she said it was certainly so, for Mrs. Medley had taken great pains to come and tell her that Sally Norton heard Effie say so, and that it was not at all likely such a child would have thought of such a thing herself."

Upon this announcement Effie was summoned and interrogated over and over again, but she persisted in affirming that she said no such thing, and substantially she had not, though her inquisitors had so connected her answers to disconnected questions, as to make out a statement bearing some resemblance of truth on their part.

"What signifies your denial, Effie?" said her mother; "it must be you did say so and so, for painful as it is to think that one of *my* children should tell a lie, I can not believe that these older persons would tell what is false without any reason. It is a dreadful thing to have difficulty with our neighbors, but not half so bad as to have a child tell an untruth. I shall ask about the matter myself this afternoon, and unless it is cleared up, which is not at all likely, you may expect to be punished to-morrow. And," she added, "it will become you to be very still while the company is here. Of course, they have all heard *about* you, and won't wish to hear any thing *from* you."

Poor Effie! she honored her mother

according to the spirit of the fifth command of the decalogue, which had never been omitted in the weekly catechetical rehearsal, and keenly did she always feel her displeasure, and never intentionally did she merit it. To her then this seemed the acme of humiliation. She was believed to have said what was very improper, at a time when she thought herself to have been especially mindful of the caution to watch the door of her lips; and to have denied it also, when in all her short life she had never knowingly dissembled.

Effie's first resolve was to keep out of sight entirely, indeed she did n't see how she could ever hold up her head again. But, the organ of hope, as the phrenologist would say, was largely developed. It was easier to bruise, than to break her spirit; and memory coming to her aid with the household adage, "Two ears and but one tongue," she determined once at least to be a silent observer.

At length, one after another, each guest had arrived; and within the apartment graced by their presence, the shrinking Effie led by her sister had found the least conspicuous nook. Accustomed to make mountains of mole-hills, these "wise ones" found in the theme before them plenty of gossip for the afternoon. "It was so very improper for children to be telling what was said at home,"—"Such a dreadful thing for Becca Jones to be in a miff," and—"How exceedingly well-intentioned her pains-taking informant, Mrs. Medley,"—whom you, dear reader, are to contemplate as one of the vixens, whose husband had previously taken a "French leave," and who was assuming various girlish airs, and inflicting all the evil upon the innocent, in revenge for what she deemed a personal slight by the family.

There was, however, one there, who seemed out of place in the element about her, one who realized that young hearts were susceptible of suffering—that too much severity might break the twig it was only designed to

bend. She was at pains to say distinctly that "it was possible for a child to be frightened into forgetfulness for a time, and to say the least, it was very silly for any body to notice what such a little girl had said."

Effie had not heard in vain. She mentally resolved to retrieve her character for integrity, of which this recent act of injustice had robbed her, and, while life lasted, to cherish the memory of the last speaker. M. S. L.

BESSIE LEE'S DIARY.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

(Continued.)

JULY 1. Home again, and all seemed glad to see me. For me, the thrill of friendship and domestic affection quivered through my heart, and left it many degrees warmer. Lillie never looked so pretty, nor Weston so much a man, as when they welcomed me back to their hearthstone. I really believe they were sincere. Jane wept for very gladness, and then for grief because I was to marry the doctor. I remonstrated, and told her she was to be always with me. She said the man was old enough to be my father, and hers too. No matter for that; he looked young, was handsome, and, besides, there was a mystery about his youth, and I, like Desdemona, would find food for my affection in the recital. Jane groaned aloud, and grew quite nervous, which was caused no doubt by her anxiety for me. She says she is only twenty-four years old, though I can scarcely remember when she did not seem a woman. Perhaps like myself, she has never been a child. Her mother died when she was but eight years old, and Dr. Mason attended her during a long illness, with a self-forgetfulness which exalts him more in my estimation than any thing else. Jane says her mother would never say any thing about her father, who she supposed died during her infancy. Her mother came from Maine,

and for some unaccountable reason would never tell any one the names of their relatives. Dr. Mason was her best friend, and her mother always wept when he went away, and yet Jane says she hates him more and more as she grows older. She is warm-hearted, but her foolish dislike is a strong proof that she has a weak head.

My friends are delighted that I have won a heart which has withstood the artillery of several generations of girls, who have passed into wives, or old maids, without so much as gaining the least attention. I know I am not vain of his preference, for I am too happy to be loved. I am sure Weston believes that Mr. Lane visited me during the first of my absence, for he was out of town, and after his return said I was well and looking happy. I miss him much — wish he was here to enjoy my present happiness. He has gone to the far south, and stands at the head of a large institution of learning. God bless him! I believe I loved him far better than he did me. He combatted my faults, which, of course, was a matter of duty with him. He should have lived in the days of John Knox, and the fires of martyrdom would have made him immortal. His character was the nearest my girlish idea of a hero, and Dr. Mason is more a mystery. The poor idolize the latter, which is a sure test of his goodness. They consider him a wonderful blessing which came to them, and no one knows from whence. He never stays long enough for me to inquire into his childhood days, but I must make an opportunity before long. I wish I could defer our marriage two or three years longer, if it could be, and seeing him often, I should learn to know what he expects of a wife. I have never been accustomed to submission, and I am sure he will expect it. I wonder if he ever loved any one before. I'll ask him.

July 5. Last night the doctor called, and I was alone, having coaxed Lillie and Weston to go out and leave

me at home. Weston said in his teasing way, that it would not be benevolent to leave the little mouse with the old owl, but then he supposed the said mouse had no objection to feathers, hinting, as he always does, that I would not have the doctor if he were not rich, and that he thinks he perfectly coincides with me. He don't know me or he would not say so. To be sure the appliances of wealth are a real enjoyment, and I should in no wise object to a man on that account, but God knows I would never pollute my lips by saying I loved a man, when my heart was worshiping his possessions.

The doctor did not seem very much pleased at the idea of a *tete-a-tete*, at which I was somewhat surprised, and more annoyed. Perhaps it was only a fancy of mine. I told him I was glad that we might have a long talk together of the future, and he interrupted me by saying, "Yes, of the future, but not of the past."

"That is just what I would most like to converse about; and had you not finished the sentence for me, I should have added it," I said, with my usual perverseness.

"The past is not ours —"

"Its memories are," I suggested.

"Yours may be your own, and I will share them if you will give me the pleasure; but forgive me, if I am not equally generous of my own. It would give you no happiness, and would be painful to me. Our lives are together for the years that are to come, and not those which, thank Heaven, are gone."

I felt greatly hurt at his way of speaking of the past, and told him that, if Providence had guided him in mysterious ways, which seemed for the time unpleasant, he must remember that the end was not yet, and learn, like his little Bessie, that the world was not so very bad after all.

"You are too small for a feminine parson; you must put on stilts," he suggested, with a laugh which did not fit him exactly.

"Then you won't tell me of your father and mother, your brothers or sisters?" I urged.

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"I don't believe you were ever a baby," I replied, trying to laugh off the unpleasantness our conversation had led to.

"I had *parents*, but no *father* or *mother*. Those two last words comprehend more than the first. I have long since ceased to speak of them. Do you love me *truly*?" he added, as it were a continuation of the same sentence.

"I thought I did."

"Do you?"

"You have startled me out of all I supposed, and I feel; and it seems as if I was entirely unacquainted with you."

"Bessie Lee, look at me. Do you think there is any sin so great that it may not be atoned for? Do you think you would never have loved me if you knew my whole life was one of expiation? Are any perfect? Is Bessie Lee perfect? Does she not warm the heart into happiness, and then when it calls loudly for love's sacrifice, take back the hope she has given, by saying 'I *thought* I did.' Is this a woman's love? If curiosity is stronger than affection, we had better by far, separate at once."

I felt the great tears roll down my cheeks, but my eyes kept wide open, gazing into his handsome face distorted into ugliness by the agony of remembrance. I laid my hand upon his frowning brow and said:

"Eldred, if I leave you, it will be because you desire it. I have nothing in my history which I would not tell you, and did not imagine there was in yours. Forgive me for casting shadows, when I would have thrown only sunshine."

He drew my forehead down and kissed it, and I, in my simplicity, said, "The best friend I ever had did that once, in the same way."

"Who might your best friend be?" and the frown came back again.

"Harry Lane."

"That pedagogue?"

"What do you mean? I tell you he was the truest friend I ever had."

"Where is he now?"

"I do n't know. But you have not told me what you meant by speaking so contemptuously of him. I loved him next to the memory of my father."

"Did he love you as well?"

"He never said he did, and I presume not."

"Well, for both of you."

The doctor paced the room for a few moments, and then took a seat directly opposite me, and looking steadfastly in my eyes, asked, "Bessie Lee, would you have married him had he desired it?"

"I never thought of such a thing," was my truthful reply.

"A lie would burn your lips my little wife, and for your frankness I will tell you this much. Harry Lane is connected to me by the ties of blood. I can explain no more. I have suffered for the past, and you are the only joy I have to brighten the future. Will you promise to let all that is gone rest in silence forever, remember *forever*?"

"Yes! if it will make you happy."

"And never see Harry Lane again?"

"Not intentionally."

"I am, and will be, to you, all a woman can ask in a husband. I have dreaded this trial, well knowing it must come, and now we will be far happier in each other's society. I have long desired to change my position, and seek a new field for my profession. Would it please you to go far away?"

"Anywhere."

And so we talked long of the future, and many plans were laid, which seem very pleasant. I am very, very happy when he talks to me, but sadly uneasy when he is gone. I wish I could still my heart's questionings. Did I not do injustice to my first friend to give him up without a cause?

Nonsense, to write of it. He has forgotten Bessie Lee long ago, for he has never written a word, or sent a pleasant message to me, and here I am filling these pages with self-accusations, for that with which I had nothing to do. I had better write as I used to, "nothing."

July 12. I have accustomed my pen to sad things, and can find nothing to say now, I am so happy.

July 31. The day is fixed, and much sooner than I desired. I was to have a year to prepare for my new position, and to retract within that time if I was sorry, but the doctor felt so nervous, he says, lest I should grow weary of him before the year expires, and then throw him back upon his old hopeless way of living again. That is a little selfish of him I know, but it is perfectly natural I suppose.

Jane is more and more uneasy about the marriage, and I get almost vexed at the good creature sometimes. She is but an uneducated girl, though she might have been fitted to fill any position in life. I love her dearly, at which Lillie laughs, and tells the story of the old woman who kissed the cow. I don't care for that; souls are alike, whether the hands wield the brush of an artist, or a whitewasher, and the *motive* makes the only difference. She has a package of letters, which her mother left sealed, and she thinks it would be sacrilege to open them, since it would probably disclose the very things she so carefully concealed. Then a natural longing to know something of her kindred, prompts the opening. Poor thing! I would not advise her to do either, lest she should afterward regret it.

In September I shall be in my new home. Eldred is going to Galena to live, and I am glad. I always longed to dwell near the prairies, and watch the sun go down among the flowers. Lillie is delighted at the idea of a wedding, and I suppose it will be as splendid as Weston's purse will permit. I wish we could go quietly to church; it would be much more in

accordance with my taste and ideas of the sacredness of the rite. But then I owe my friends something for their kindness to me, and this must be the payment. They will never realize how great a one it is — *never*.

Jane stitches and stitches day after day for me, and now and then the tears fall upon her work. I asked the doctor to allow me to take her with us, and he replied sternly, "Any thing but that. I dislike the sight of her, for she looks as if she was always suspecting me of something. She told me once we looked alike, and though you may think me vain to care for such a thing, I tell you I dislike her. You may carry the whole almshouse, but not Jane Parker."

I felt grieved and hurt at his unkindness to both of us, and thought him a little vindictive. He must have seen my thoughts in my eyes, for he offered to settle two hundred a year upon her when we went away, if I would promise that she should never know its source. Of course I promised. How generous he is! If charity considered at a moneyed value, covers a multitude of sins, surely his can hide his eccentricities — I will not give his peculiarities a harsher name. How curious that two so opposite in years, education, and circumstances, should so heartily dislike each other, with no reason for the foundation of their hatred, and yet both loving me so dearly, and with about as strong an argument as for spiteing each other.

How strangely I have changed, to be trying to reconcile two antagonistic persons, when I used to wonder if people did any thing else besides dislike each other. The human heart is a curious thing surely — not half so bad as I tried to suppose. I wonder how I ever hated any one. When we get the lion's share of the pleasant things of this world, we find it a delightful thing to live; but if we fall below the inventory we have taken of what we think we ought to possess, then every one who has more, we arraign before the tribunal of our own selfish hearts,

and decide that they have defrauded us, and give them a mental, if not an audible anathema accordingly. This last sentence is a personal thrust at you, Bessie Lee, Sen.

I have separated Bessie Lee, Sen. from Bessie Lee, Jr., for two years has made them sufficiently unlike to divide them. I used secretly to blame every one for not loving me, and now I wonder why they do at all. These happy days pass on with little to make them real, so dream-like are they. Is this *true* life? That question was written an hour ago, and no answer comes yet. Perhaps it will, in my dreams.

Aug. 26. Five more days, and then repentance will be of no avail. Mrs. Wilson asked me a month ago why I was to marry Dr. Mason, and insisted on an answer. I could give her none, that did not make me dissatisfied with myself, and with the one who asked it. I told her that it was the same that made her marry, I supposed, and she replied earnestly, "God help you, if you had no better one than I had."

"What was yours?" I inquired.

"First, because women are taught from their childhood that they *must*, and that a failure to secure another name, and somebody to buy one's dresses and bonnets, is a sad disgrace. Secondly, I was poor, and had but few friends, and felt *grateful* to the one who offered to take care of me as long as I lived, and loved me, so he said. Under, and over these two reasons was vanity, for you know my husband was rich and handsome. Few women marry the one they would choose had they their own choice, and after-life shows that Providence did better for the many, than they would have done for themselves. This sounds very unromantic, I own, but remember I was one of the few who had the very one I would have selected from the whole world, and now I am the wife of an imprisoned gambler. Ambition for wealth, instead of the higher aims of true manhood, ruined one whom nature intended to be truly noble."

That pale, strange woman, with her

tearless eyes, and smileless lips, has conjured up a ghost that haunts me continually. I wish I had not yielded to this before the year expired, but 't is too late. How silly I have grown of late. They say that people in love are but a degree removed from fools, and I believe it. But am I in love? I doubt it. I feel as if I was about to engage in some employment which had many advantages. Permanency, abundant compensation, and but little labor. That last sentence is exalting to womanhood, very. Cousin Lillie says she felt so, and has not been disappointed. I don't think she has. But I am falling into my old way of being sarcastic.

Aug. 28. I received a letter from one of my old patrons to-day, who has removed to Kentucky, and he desires me, in the name of the Board of Education, to come to them immediately, as the principal of the young ladies' department is ill, and has resigned. He wishes me to take her place very much. I am to reply in person if possible, and if not, write immediately. I am pleased that one of those whom I have striven to benefit, remembers me with kindness. It is the most exquisite of all enjoyments to be useful to some one, and know that it is not forgotten. This remembrance is the unselfish feeling which connects me to the memory of Harry Lane, who is now buried to me, by the doctor's dislike, forever. I wish the man, who is to be my husband, did not cherish so many unaccountable animosities. The ones I love best, he dislikes most heartily. Lillie says, it is a natural jealousy, and quite common in lovers, but that it will die out in a husband's heart. Poor Jane! how I shall grieve at parting with her! Lillie says she shall always care for her as her mother did, when she took her a little girl eight years of age. I hope she may do better, for Lillie's mother only made a drudge of the child, and gave her but an apology for the commonest of common school education, and grows proud as she recounts the wonderful

kindnesses she has shown to the poor friendless thing. I wish I had a more charitable thermometer to try the warmth of people's hearts. Lillie has been very kind to her, perhaps better than I give her credit for. She has, under her conventionalities, a warm corner in her heart, and the only wonder in my mind, as I learn how she was educated, is, that she is as noble as she is. Had I not been blinded by my own faults, I should have loved her better long ago. She is governed too much by what the world lays down as law, and who is not? Bessie Lee is.

Aug. 31 — Midnight. Dear diary! You are my only friend, my one confidant in my great affliction. I dare not ask to have this cup removed from me lest I sin, but 't is almost greater than I can bear. It is the hand of my Heavenly Father, and I kiss the rod. One hour and it will be over. My trunks are packed for the place where I was to live as the wife of Eldred Mason, but another home will be mine, a more toiling life, but God's blessing will rest upon me.

Jane came to me this evening, as it was to be my last at home, and I had particularly desired to see no one, to say that as I was her only friend, she would commit her mother's letters to me, and if I would please take the trouble to read them, and if I thought proper, reseal or destroy them, or, if it was best, that she should know their contents, she would read them. She left all to me. I had intended this evening to reply to the letter calling me south, but as Jane would never have another favor to crave from me, I complied, and what a weight crushed down my poor aching spirit! Dr. Mason was her father! He won the love of her mother during his later years of study, and she, a frail devoted creature, found herself a mother and deserted before she was twenty years of age. Eldred's father, as a letter from him proved, tried, but in vain, to make his proud son offer the only reparation in his power. Father and son parted with hatred on both sides. The doctor has tried to expiate his sin by charitable

deeds, and a life of self-denying usefulness. The poor woman followed him, and it was happiness enough to be near him, and so she died, hugging the cankering secret to her heart, consoling herself with the promise that her child should be cared for after her death.

God knows I could forgive a sin long repented of, but the miserable want of manhood which would let his own child grow up as poor Jane had done, was too much for human forgiveness. I knew what he lacked — that certain *want* in his character which had so puzzled me. I thrust the letters into the open grate, and lit them with my lamp, then knelt before the curling blaze and thanked God who had led me by a way that I knew not. I prayed for direction in the right path as I never prayed before, and my petition is answered.

I rose bewildered, and while pacing my room my eye fell on the unanswered letter. I seized it, and putting it to my lips reverently, said aloud, "This will save me." I called Jane softly, and composed myself to tell her that my marriage would not be on the morrow. She looked surprized, and said, "The letters, Bessie?"

"They are in ashes. They contained nothing which would make you better or happier, so I burned them. You can trust me, for I did right, Jane."

"Yes! but why do you not marry the doctor?"

"I believe it is God's will that I should not, and I know it is not my desire. Go out softly, and call a carriage to take me to the depot for the four o'clock train, and I will write a note to cousin Weston and Lillie while you are gone."

She remonstrated with me for going away alone, but I told her it was better so, and I should hurry on to accept a situation which had been offered me as a teacher. She finally complied, and now lies pretending to sleep upon my bed! Poor girl! She is waiting to see me off, while I am trying to pass the time with my pen.

I have written to the doctor, and told the whole truth. I must not tell another, though I should lose the friendship of my cousins, who are so kindly, as they suppose, adding to my pleasure. I left it to the doctor's *moral courage* and *generosity*, (?) to remove their displeasure. Will he? God help me, when this is over. I've no one left me now. But little as I am, I do not fear to battle my way in life. Better be alone, than united to one the world honors, but whose soul is polluted by heartless meanness — by dastardly crime. No wonder he hates Harry Lane, noble Harry Lane! How can the same blood run in both their veins?

It may be long before I give you another word, dear journal, perhaps never. Strange that I feel so calm, when there is such cause for sorrow, yet there is no tear in my eyes, or a regret in my heart. Half-past three o'clock, and we must get the trunks out into the street, lest we waken the household. Poor, poor Jane!

(To be concluded.)

THE HYACINTH.

EMILY was sorry that the winter lasted so long; for she loved flowers, and had a little garden, where she tended the very beautiful ones with her own hands. Therefore she longed for spring, and that winter might pass.

One day her father said, "Look here, Emily. I have brought you a bulb, which you must plant and rear carefully."

"How can I, dear father?" answered the girl. The ground is as hard as a stone, and covered with snow."

Thus she said, for she did not know that bulbs will grow in flower-pots and glasses, because she had never seen it before.

Her father gave her a flower-pot filled with mold, and Emily put the

bulb into it. But she looked at her father and smiled, doubting whether her father had spoken in earnest or not; for she fancied the blue sky must smile on the flower, and spring breezes fan it; that so much beauty could not come forth from under her hands. For infantile simplicity and humility desire not that any extraordinary thing should take place for their gratification.

After a few days the earth swelled in the pot; little green leaves separated it with their points, and appeared above it. Then Emily was delighted, and announced to her father and mother, and the whole house, the birth of the young plant. The parents smiled and said:

"We shall now see her taking care of her plant as of a child, loving and hoping in silence. So we shall be delighted with Emily, as she is with her flower."

Carefully Emily watched the plant, and smiled with joy on perceiving its growth. Her father looked at her and said:

"Well done, my child; sunshine must follow after rain and dew. The kind glance of the eye gives value to the good action which the hand performs. Your little plant will prosper, Emily."

Presently the leaves came quite out of the earth, and glowed in their verdant freshness. Then Emily's joy increased.

"Oh!" said she, from the fullness of her heart, "I shall be content even if no flowers should come."

"Contented spirit," said the father, "you will receive more than you dare to hope for. This is the reward of modesty." He showed now the bud of the flower, which was concealed between the leaves.

Emily's care and love increased day by day with the gradual development of the flower. With tender hands she sprinkled water on it, asking whether it was enough or too much, or whether it might be too cold.

When a sunbeam stole through the window, she would gently carry the plant into the sunshine, and breathe on the leaves to take off the dust, as the morning breeze passes over the rose.

"Oh, sweet union of tenderest love and innocence," said her mother. "The poorer the soul, the more heavenly the love will be."

The flower was Emily's last thought in the evening, and her first in the morning. Several times she beheld in dreams her hyacinth in full bloom; and when she saw herself disappointed in the morning, she was not troubled, but said, smiling, "It still blooms!" Sometimes she would ask her father in what colors the flower would appear, and after having rehearsed all colors, she said with cheerful voice:

"It is immaterial to me, if it will only bloom."

"Sweet fancy," said the father; "how playfully and busily dost thou employ innocent love and infantile hope!"

At length the flower blossomed. Twelve buds opened early in the morning, hanging gracefully between five emerald green leaves, in fresh, youthful beauty. Their color was rosy, like the reflection of the morning sun, or the delicate flush on Emily's cheeks; and a balmy fragrance hung around each flower.

Emily could not comprehend so much beauty; her joy was silent and wordless. On her knees before the plant, she gazed intently on the newly opened flowers. Then her father entered, and seeing his beloved child and blooming hyacinths, he said, with emotion:

"See, Emily, you are to us what the hyacinth is to you."

The young girl rose from her knees, and threw herself into her father's arms. After a fervent embrace, she said in a gentle voice:

"Oh, my father! could I but give you as much joy as the flower has given you." KRUMMACHER.

"FETCH" AND CARRY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

The dog that will fetch will carry.—OLD PROVERB.

IT is not to be supposed that we labor under the delusion common among fond parents in regarding any of our heroines perfect.

Mrs. Murray Cooper was industrious and cheerful, and, as far as she knew how to be, economical; but she had her own human weakness. When she commenced housekeeping, she had still every thing to learn. Conscious of this fact, and that her sway as Miss Smith had been confined almost entirely to the unruly urchins of her cousin's nursery, she was afraid of her servants, and occasionally altogether too yielding and conciliating for their relative position of mistress and maid. She dreaded open insubordination; she dreaded change; she believed that her household kingdom would go to ruins if Ann, the cook, should leave her, and shut her eyes entirely to Julia's delinquencies, though fretted daily by the neglect of her duties as combined nurse and chambermaid, which she could not avoid feeling if she would not see.

"Pitchers empty as usual," said Mr. Cooper, grasping the handle of the article in question, which flew up in his hand, as light weight always will.

"Oh, I am so sorry! Here, let me get it for you." And Mrs. Cooper knotted her dressing-gown about her waist, and twisted up the long hair she had just brushed free of every tangle.

"Indeed, you'll do no such thing! Ring in Julia, and blow her up. It's an every-day matter now. I wonder you—"

"But Johnnie has been so wakeful all day; and it's washing-day, too, you know, and she has to help Ann."

"Julia!" shouted Mr. Cooper over the banisters, unheeding the interruptive apology for what was by no means a casual neglect.

From below came up a great sound of kitchen merriment, where Julia was

promoting the health of Master Johnnie by letting him stifle in the smoke from the mutton chops broiling and dripping over the range, and rattling two nutmegs in a pint measure to keep him quiet, while she gossiped with the cook.

"My dear Murray! here, Murray; there was plenty of water in the nursery," said Mrs. Cooper, in a tremor, lest Julia, by any accidental pause, should hear, and so receive a piece of her husband's present mind.

"Well, if you will wait on your girls, it's none of my business; only, I say, Martha, do n't let it happen again, and row her up well this time. Here she comes. Let's hear you now."

Mr. Cooper being perfectly aware of his wife's deficiency of commander-in-chief qualities, subsided into good-humor at having her thus cornered.

The nurse, a stout, careless-looking girl, sauntered lazily into the room with the child in her arms.

Mr. Cooper gave his wife a quizzical look from behind the towel, which said, "Go on; have it over with," as plain as print.

"Julia!" began Mrs. Murray, with an unusual deck of resolution in her tone.

The girl turned with a stare of impertinent wonder.

"Oh, dear! if she should walk off and leave me! Johnnie never will let me get him to sleep; and I do n't know any thing about his food," thought Johnnie's unpracticed mother.

"The pitcher was not filled to-night;" the tone was considerable more quivering — "do n't let it happen again."

Meekness herself could not have spoken more mildly than the concluding sentence was uttered. Mr. Cooper hurried down stairs to prevent an explosion of laughter. The girl did not reply, but began getting out the child's night-clothes with a sullen air of offended dignity, which made her mistress thoroughly uncomfortable.

"I do wish Murray would not mind things as he does. I'm sure I'm

willing to wait on myself, or him either, for that matter. I declare I never will speak to Julia again! I wish she was more amiable."

"Well, my dear, what a blast it was!" greeted her as she entered the dining-room. "Really, I wonder the poor creature bore up under it. You should have been a man, and a sea-captain at that. What splendid discipline you would keep!"

"I don't see any use in lecturing an hour for a trifling forgetfulness," retorted Mrs. Cooper crossly.

It was a sore point between them; and what with her husband's toilet interrupted for want of water the third time within a week, the girl's unpardonable neglect and annoying impertinence, she was on the verge of downright ill-humor.

"You are only making yourself more trouble."

"I don't think so at all. I should have trouble enough if she left me. You never would find any body else so devoted to Johnnie."

"Fiddlestick!"

"She has him in her arms from morning till night. Sometimes it's four o'clock before she gets a chance to finish our room."

"So much the worse. Will you ring for dinner, Martha — just because she likes to shoulder him, musket fashion, and walk around, rather than do her work. He's altogether too large to be nursed as he is. He never will walk at this rate. Russell says his baby can go all around the room, holding on by the chairs; and it's a month younger."

"And a girl. Girls are always more forward than boys."

"But Johnnie does not even try to creep."

"I trust he never will — ruining all his clothes on the floor!"

"How will he ever get the use of his limbs, if he doesn't? Do be reasonable, Martha; you know the old proverb — a man must creep before he can walk. Come, now, don't get blue, only be decided; be a little more

firm, that's all I ask of you; you will get along a great deal better. Dear knows, I've no wish to deprive you of such a daily comfort and blessing as the devoted Julia!"

Mrs. Cooper knew in her heart that she was nothing of the kind; on the contrary, "smoke to the eyes, and vinegar to the teeth," would have been more truly descriptive. But, though she chafed at daily and hourly trials of temper, she had not the courage to rid herself of the cause.

The young person in question took the trouble off her hands by giving most unexpected and inconvenient "notice." It is quite remarkable with what nicety domestics always hit the busiest and most pre-occupied moment for giving "a warning." In the midst of house-cleaning, pickling, and preserving, Miss Julia settled upon her wedding-day, and walked off with Patrick to the priest, where she had the pleasure of paying her own marriage fee, a cheerful omen of the abundance and comfort she might expect for the future. But Patrick was out of employment, and had been for a month; and another noticeable fact in Milesian customs and manners is that this is the time they usually prefer in which to insist on taking their betrothed from a comfortable home, and good wages to pay the way, as long as it lasts, with her savings; fortune-hunting below stairs, and perhaps not more reprehensible than on the larger scale with which one meets it in society.

Mrs. Cooper had very little sympathy from her husband, when she met him at the door with her doleful intelligence.

"Right in the middle of the day! — our room all in disorder — not even the bed made; and Johnnie just waking up as cross as possible — after the many times I've put myself out on her account! Why, I've done half the work myself, to keep peace, ever since she has been here!"

"Exactly what you might expect for doing so."

"But what am I to do now?"

"Good fish in the sea as ever were brought to Fulton Market, my love."

It was finally arranged that Mr. Cooper should dine down town so as to give the cook leisure to see after Master Johnnie, next day; while Mrs. Cooper, with the *Herald* as her chart, should go on a voyage of discovery. She set out, feeling more than bereaved; she returned flushed with success; for once, fortune had favored her; and Julia's successor was already engaged to come the following morning.

"She's just as neat as Julia was careless."

"How do you know?" inquired Mr. Cooper, incredulous, but glad to have the matter so quickly disposed of. He had expected at least a week of search and lamentation.

"How? By her dress, of course. She was dressed as well as I am."

"Very unsuitably for her position, then, I should say."

"Well, not so good materials, of course; not so expensive, perhaps; but the effect was just the same; and she had velvets in her hair, really quite stylish."

"Oh!"

"That's nothing, I'm sure; everybody wears velvets now."

"Then I should take mine out, if I were you."

"Don't be provoking, Murray! I wish you could have seen her; and she's a girl of such good education and manners! She was boarding, you know, and there lay her testament and prayer-book on the table. Only think how fortunate we are to have a communicant in our own church! That was in the advertisement, and what made me notice it first. Don't you think we are very fortunate to find a girl of such good principles?"

"That doesn't always follow. How about her recommendations?"

"Oh, that's the best of all! She has always lived with her mother, and sewed, you know?"

"I did n't know it before."

"Well, she has; and has never

lived out but in one place; and whom do you think she lived with? Mrs. Miller."

"Charlie Miller's wife? You don't tell me so! She wouldn't say any thing but the truth to help along any girl in Christendom? What did she say?"

"I believe you think Mrs. Miller perfection. It's very strange she never took the trouble to call on your wife. Going to the same church, too!"

There was a slight shade of bique in this remark, for Mrs. Miller was both stylish and fashionable; and, though Mrs. Murray admired her greatly at a distance, and would have been delighted to exchange visits—a bow was the utmost civility that had ever passed between them. Mr. Cooper had known her well in his bachelor days, for she belonged to the circle in which he then revolved.

"But what did she say of—what's her name? Lucy?"

"Yes, Lucy; it's so refined after the Bridgets and Anns I have seen. Oh, she had no written character as they call it, for she left there when very ill! Otherwise, Mrs. Miller never would have parted with her, she says; and she never thought to get her to write one afterward."

"So you had to call on Mrs. Miller first, after all! Good!"

"Indeed, I did not!"

"You have not engaged her without inquiring her character?"

"Certainly I have. If you could have seen her, so modest and well-bred, and such a good seamstress, you would have done so too. Why, I felt as if it was an insult to her, asking for a reference! But I always do when engaging a girl! It is as much as to say I doubt their word, poor things!"

"The bank had no such scruples when your respected husband was required to give a ten thousand dollar bond before he could get the tellership."

"But that was a different thing. You were a young man then, and was to be trusted with money."

"I suppose Johnnie is a less precious deposit. I tell you what, Martha, it seems to me that, if I was a woman, which I'm thankful I'm not, you know I'd sooner trust a person with my cash than my boy. You can do as you please, but I do wish you would get over this ridiculous notion of hurting people's feelings. A nice time I should have with my office-boy if I stopped to consult *his* before I requested him to get a hod of coal, or go an errand!"

"I don't believe she'll make her appearance," was Mr. Cooper's parting remark, as he stood on the front doorstep, and signaled the omnibus. Unbelieving to the last. But, when his ring was answered at night by a modest, "genteel," active girl, such a contrast to the indolent Julia, he could but give a gracious assent to his wife's inquiry as to how he liked the change.

"How does she wear?" he inquired, when handing out her wages at the end of the first month.

"Better and better. I never have had so much time to myself since Johnnie was born. She flies through the work-mornings, and has him dressed and off for his walk before eleven o'clock. Lucy thinks it's so much better for children to be in the open air. I never could get Julia to carry him over a square."

"The devoted Julia? Is it possible?"

"You need not commence on that now. She's gone, poor thing! and she really was very good to him. He never will be as fond of Lucy with all her coaxing."

"Perhaps she neglects him out of sight. Where does she take him when she goes out?"

"Dear me, Murray, I would not be so suspicious as you are for the world! Why, she just walks with him, of course!"

"And is gone all the morning? You need n't tell me she carries that great, heavy boy all morning."

"She goes to Washington Square, I suppose, and sits down to rest, as all other nurses do. I should be ashamed

to question a girl like her. Why, just see how strict she is about going to church, now she has an opportunity! Only think! She says she lived with Mrs. Miller ten months, and only got to church once! If I was Mrs. Miller, I should stay at home once in a while, and remember that my girls had souls as well as myself."

"Perhaps she did not want to go."

"She could n't get away; they had so much dinner-company. Lucy knows how I feel about Sunday dinners. For my part, I should much prefer to have a cold joint. Lucy says there is hardly a Sunday of their lives that they do not have two or three gentlemen to dine. Oh, Murray, I forgot to tell you; she says the Morrisons came there a great deal. Mrs. Morrison is quite intimate; and she has heard her say such things about other people, their acquaintances, you know, when she has been doing up Mrs. Miller's room. Girls see a great deal behind the scenes in families."

Mr. Cooper did not respond, but sat piling the seven gold dollars on the table before him, and knocking them down again, with an expression about his mouth his wife could not exactly understand, when she looked up to see if he heard her.

"Do nt you think so?" she resumed.

"So it seems," he answered dryly.

"And Lucy says, only think, dear! that Mrs. Miller is one of the most extravagant persons she ever saw. Such scenes when the bills came in! I always thought she dressed a great deal. And there's her sister, Miss Vandervort; Mrs. Miller gives her half she wears, they are so straitened, for all she holds her head so high. And Mr. Miller, he's out four evenings out of the week, for all his wife —"

Mrs. Cooper paused abruptly, checked by a very significant cough from her listener; and her face grew scarlet.

"Now, that's what advertisements call, 'Interesting to Ladies,' is n't it? You seem completely booked up, Martha. What a very intelligent and observing person Lucy must be, as well as high principled? I should think

you would be afraid to have her about your house."

"How so?" Mrs. Murray could not see why they need fear.

"Why, her next mistress will be entertained with our peculiarities and weak points, that's all. I suppose you believe this stuff!"

"I do n't see any reason to doubt it I'm sure. Lucy is n't one to tell a falsehood."

"I'm not certain of that."

"You have no reason to speak so," said his wife warmly; "injuring a poor girl's character."

"'Tattle and Fib,' as the children say, are very near relations." And, to change the subject, Mr. Cooper fished in his overcoat pocket for the *Evening Express*.

"But, Murray, you never *will* believe anybody."

"To balance our account, my love, you always believe *everybody*. Now, do you suppose Mrs. Miller would keep a girl ten months from church, if she showed the least disposition to attend?"

"I 'suppose' only what I'm *told*." And Mrs. Cooper laid a tolerable emphasis on the last word, indicative of rising mercury in the thermometer of her temper and disposition. It was not the first time she had been taken to task for repeating private histories of her acquaintances, gleaned from feminine sources. Mr. Cooper hated personal gossip as he did January bills, which is the strongest comparison one could make in his case; and, though his wife was not especially inclined that way, she sometimes left the law of charity—"thinking no evil"—out of sight.

"Just take my word for it, Martha—I'm very good-natured to-night, cleared the year's rent this week, and I do n't want to be upset—if that girl tells you unpleasant things of Mrs. Miller, she will entertain the next person *that will listen*!"—Mr. Cooper made an expressive pause—"quite as disagreeable stories of us."

"What *could* she say?" Mrs.

Cooper was quite in earnest about it. "I'm sure, dear, there's nothing goes on in *this house* but that I should be willing the whole world should see."

"That's so, through an honest medium; but not through *smoked glass*, Martha! that's the thing; and just this story has made me suspicious of Lucy. I have n't half the confidence in her I had an hour ago; for I must say I never have seen any thing in her to find fault with."

In spite of a resolution not to mind it, Mrs. Cooper herself felt a secret uneasiness from that moment. She noticed Johnnie was far more fretful; but that was his teeth, Lucy said. He did not take to her as he had done to Julia; but then it was a work of time to wean a child from its nurse. Sometimes she would hear the fretfulness suddenly cease, when Lucy was alone with him in her own room, to be resumed, in a quarter of an hour or so, more distracting than ever. Johnnie began to droop, and had but little appetite for his bread and milk; but his sleepless nights did away with all suspicions of an opiate privately administered, which a friend kindly suggested. Trifling discrepancies gradually crept into Miss Lucy's account of their daily walks and the touching history of her own orphanhood, the incidents of which found a sympathizing listener in her new mistress. It never had occurred to her to doubt a word of it heretofore; and Lucy had been relieved of much drudgery that Julia dragged through with in the course of the week, because Mrs. Cooper could not make up her mind to ask a girl who "really looked as much like a lady as herself," and "had seen better days," to do it. She waited on herself more than ever, and was becoming as much a slave to Lucy's suggestions and opinions as she had been to Julia's sullenness, in spite of her determination to the contrary.

Mr. Cooper having no such fear before his eyes, noted various symptoms of human imperfection in their "all-accomplished maid;" but, though his

wife acknowledged some of them, and felt an uncomfortable surveillance over herself and her visitors, these new bonds were still harder to break than the last.

Mr. Cooper, passing through an obscure street, one morning, to arrive sooner at a friend's counting-house, met him a square's distance from it, and stopped to discuss the business arrangement on which he was bent.

"Fifty cents on a dollar!" said Mr. Allen; well, I'm sorry for poor Brown. I'll see. Just look at that girl, Cooper! How little fathers and mothers know what become of their children out of sight! See, that's a gentleman's child, evidently. What a filthy alley he's been taken to! I've seen her before, though; she stays by the hour when she comes; and of course the mother thinks the boy is taking the air."

"Taking smallpox, more likely," Mr. Cooper returned, carelessly. But what was his friend's astonishment to see him spring forward, the next moment, and snatch the child away, to the girl's astonishment as well as his own. It was Lucy who stood before him in speechless confusion, conscious that, only the day before, she had assured Mrs. Cooper that she never saw an acquaintance from one week's end to another, and would as soon give him poison as candy, with which his little thin hand was filled when she so suddenly encountered his father.

Mr. Cooper had Mr. Allen's unconscious testimony that it was nothing new. He paid her wages to the day, and discharged her on the spot, taking Johnnie home himself, before she should come for her trunk, and have an opportunity to tell her story to his wife.

Contrary to his expectations, Mrs. Cooper seemed to feel it a relief; and she did indeed breathe more freely when the sobbing Lucy had kissed Master Johnnie good-by, and followed her trunk out of the house.

"Lucy has got a place, ma'am," said Ann, the cook, a few days after a

new girl had been installed in the neat little nursery. "I saw her at the corner, last evenin', ma'am; an' the lady said she wouldn't ask any character of such a tidy-lookin' one. It's a lady as comes here sometimes; and she lives in Twentieth Street, Lucy says."

"Mrs. Gregory!" And Mrs. Cooper instantly felt a secret uneasiness at being served up to Mrs. Gregory as Mrs. Miller had been to her. "But, dear me, there's nothing she could say against us." But she had just discovered a secret hoard of sugar in one of the nursery-drawers, with which her boy had evidently been coaxed and bribed, and which accounted for his pallor and loss of appetite. So she was forced to doubt her late handmaid in more ways than one.

She met Mrs. Gregory that same afternoon at Stewart's, and imagined that she was purposely avoided. Yet weeks went by, and her last call in Twentieth Street was still unreturned.

"You have not seen Jane lately, have you?" said a mutual friend, who, worsted-work in hand, was passing a sociable evening.

"No," returned Mrs. Cooper, coldly, hoping in her heart the subject might be dropped.

"If you won't be vexed, I'll tell you the reason; now promise."

"I'll promise for her," said her husband.

Mrs. Cooper had devoutly trusted he was safe in the depths of "John Halifax Gentleman," when the conversation began; but, suspecting what was to follow, he laid down the volume with wonderful alacrity.

"Why, that pretty girl you used to have here — what was her name?"

"Lucy," Mrs. Cooper was forced to say.

"Well, she's been telling Jane the most unaccountable stories — she went to her, you know, from here — about you and Mr. Cooper. Yes, indeed, you had your share, Mr. Cooper. She said you kept back her wages, and discharged her on a moment's notice."

"Half and half," said Mr. Cooper,

laughing. "The last is all correct. I have Allen for witness that I paid her wages though."

"But what did she say about me?"

"Yes, let's have it all, Miss Lizzie, I'll share the compliments, Martha; I'm not at all greedy."

"Oh! that you talked over people with your servants, and said hard things of them!"

"How's that, Martha?"

"I did say Mrs. Miller ought to have let her go to church," said the conscious-stricken Mrs. Cooper.

"Mrs. Miller? Why, you know how she left there, don't you?"

"Yes! she told me; she was sick."

"Very. So sick that Mrs. Miller refused to give her a character, for helping herself accidentally to Georgie's pap-spoon and a French worked collar that were found in her trunk. Her brother, Henry Vandervort, happened to tell me at the time. He and Albert dine there on Sundays always."

"Horrible woman, to have her brothers dine with her on Sunday!" said Mr. Cooper, glancing at his wife.

"They found out she never went to church while she lived there, though she always made a point of starting. A perfect little piece of deception; and I told Jane so when she said Lucy told her that you neglected Johnnie. So I was determined you should know about it; for really it's dreadful to have one's character at the mercy of such a person."

Mr. Cooper, with remarkable self-denial, forbore to say, "I told you so!" when their visitor had departed. But his wife never saw Mrs. Miller or Mrs. Gregory again without having an olden precept called to mind, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and, with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

It is sound policy to suffer all extremities rather than do a base action.

THE DYING.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

LAY her down, for she must die,
She hath wrought so wearily —
Now her soul may rest for aye.

Smooth the tresses on that brow —
Never glistened they as now,
When upon them bright tears flow.

Close the eyes, and fold the hands
O'er the heart; where hidden brands —
Brands of woe — have burnt life's bands.

Robe her in the grave's white dress —
Raiment of rare loveliness,
Only robe of perfect grace.

Now around the sleeper's head,
Scatter snowy flowers, and shed
No more tears above the dead.

Gone to realms of perfect peace,
Where all griefs forever cease —
Where from sin she hath release.

He hath given his loved one sleep,
Where bright life-streams sparkling leap —
Where the Shepherd folds his sheep.

BUFFALO, Feb., 1857.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPEAK gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not with cold and careless thoughts,
Which time hath taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell.

If on his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words, and let him feel
He hath a friend in thee:
And do not send him from thy side,
Till on his face shall rest
The joyous look, the sunny smile,
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thickest darkness reigns,
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife;
Thus doing good and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep
All creatures great and small,
And yet a stronger love to bear
For Him who made them all.
Remember, 't is no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of heaven.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

ANTICIPATE and prevent fretfulness and ill temper, by keeping the child in good health, ease and comfort. Never quiet with giving to eat, or by bribery in any way, still less by opiates.

For the first few months, avoid loud and harsh sounds in the hearing of children, or violent lights in their sight; address them in soft tones; do nothing to frighten them; and never jerk or roughly handle them.

Avoid angry words and violence both to a child, and in its presence, by which means a naturally violent child will be trained to gentleness. Moderate any propensity of a child such as anger, greediness for food, cunning, &c., which appears too active. Show him no example of these. Let the mother be, and let her select servants such as she wishes her child to be. The youngest child is affected by the conduct of those in whose arms he lives. Cultivate and express benevolence and cheerfulness; in such an atmosphere a child must become benevolent and cheerful.

Let a mother *feel as she ought*, and she will *look as she feels*. Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and jestures. When necessary, exhibit firmness and authority, always with perfect temper, composure and self-possession. Never give the child that which it cries for; and avoid being too ready in answering children's demands, else they become impatient of refusal, and selfish. When the child is most violent, the mother should be most calm and silent. Out-screaming a screaming child is as useless as it is mischievous. Steady denial of the object screamed for is the best cure for screaming. In such contests witnesses should withdraw, and leave mother and child alone. A child is very ready to look around, and attract the aid of foreign sympathy in its little rebellions.

Never promise to give when the

child leaves off crying; let the crying be the reason for *not* giving. Constant warning, reproofs, threats and entreaties, as *let that alone, be quiet, how naughty you are, &c.*, all uttered in haste and irritation are most pernicious. No fixed or definite moral improvement, but the reverse, results from this too common practice. Watch destructiveness shown in fly and insect killing, and smashing and breaking, quarreling and striking! Never encourage revenge. Never allow a child to witness the killing of animals. Counterwork secretiveness by exposing its manœuvres. Regulate notions of property—one's own and another's. Never strike a child or teach it to strike again. Never tell a child to beat or threaten any animal or object.—*Chambers*.

SOCIETY.

PERHAPS the interests of true friendship, elegant conversation, mental improvement, social pleasure, natural duty, and conjugal comfort, never received such a blow as when Fashion issued out that arbitrary and universal decree, that *every body must be acquainted with every body*; together with that consequent authoritative, but rather inconvenient clause, that every body must go everywhere every night.

The implicit and devout obedience paid to this law is incompatible with the very being of friendship; for as the circle of acquaintance expands, and it will be continually expanding, the affections will be beaten out into such thin lamina as to leave little solidity remaining. The heart, which is continually exhausting itself in professions, grows cold and hard. The feelings of kindness diminish in proportion as the expression of it becomes more diffuse and indiscriminate. The very traces of simplicity and Godly sincerity in a delicate female wear away imperceptibly by constant collision with the world at large. And perhaps no woman takes so little interest in the happiness of her real friends as she whose affections are

incessantly evaporating in universal civilities, as she who is saying fond and flattering things at random to a circle of five hundred people every night.

AND LITERATURE.

The time nightly expended in late female vigils is expended by the light of far other lamps than those which are fed by the student's oil; and if families *are* to be found who are neglected, through too much study in the mistress, it will probably be proved to Hoyle and not Homer, who has thus robbed her children of her time and affections. For one family which has been neglected by the mother's passion for books, an hundred have been deserted through her passion for play. The husband of a fashionable woman will not often find that the library is the apartment the expenses of which involve him in debt or disgrace.

And for one literary slattern who now manifests her indifference to her husband by neglect of her person, there are scores of elegant spendthrifts who ruin theirs by excess of decoration.

Nay, I digress a little while I remark that I am far from asserting that literature has never filled women with vanity and self conceit; the contrary is too obvious, and it happens in this as in other cases that a few characters conspicuously absurd have served to bring a whole order into ridicule. But I will assert that in general those whom books are supposed to have spoiled, would in general have been spoiled without them. She who is a vain pedant, because she has read much, has probably that defect in her mind which would have made her a vain fool if she had read nothing.

It is not her having more knowledge, but less sense, which makes her insufferable; and ignorance would have added little to her value, for it is not what she has, but what she wants, that makes her unpleasant. The truth, however, probably lies here, that while her understanding was improved, the tempers of her heart were neglected, and

that in cultivating the fame of a *savante* she lost the humility of a Christian. But these instances, too, furnish only a fresh argument for the *general* cultivation of the female mind.

The wider diffusion of sound knowledge would remove that temptation to be vain which may be excited by its rarity.

From the union of an unfurnished mind with a cold heart, there results a kind of necessity for dissipation. The very term gives an idea of mental imbecility. That which a working and fatigued mind requires is *relaxation*; it requires to unbend itself; to slacken its efforts, to relieve it from its exertions; while amusement is the *business* of public minds, and is carried on with a length and seriousness incompatible with the refreshing idea of relaxation. But while we would assert that a woman of cultivated intellect is not driven by the same necessity as others into the giddy whirl of public resort, who but regrets that real cultivation does not inevitably preserve her from it? No wonder that inanity of character—that vanity of mind—that torpid ignorance—should plunge into dissipation as their natural refuge; should seek to bury their insignificance in the crowd of pressing multitudes, and hope to escape analysis and detection in the undistinguished mass of mixed assemblies.

There attrition rubs all bodies smooth and makes all alike! thither superficial and external accomplishments naturally fly as to their proper scene of action; as to a field where competition in such perfections is in perpetual exercise; where the laurels of admiration are to be won; whence the trophies of vanity may be carried off triumphantly.—
Hannah More.

THE true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE means necessary for making a second voyage to the Arctic regions were furnished by Mr. Grinnell, our countryman, Mr. Peabody of London, the Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and other friends and scientific associations. Mr. Grinnell again furnished the *Advance*, a hermaphrodite brig of one hundred and forty-four tons, the same vessel in which Dr. Kane had made his previous voyage under Lieutenant De Haven. Her crew when she left New York consisted only of seventeen men, including officers, ten of whom were volunteers from the U. S. Navy. The regulations of the crew were simple, but all that were necessary, and were rigidly adhered to throughout their long and dangerous voyage. These included, first, absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate; second, abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, except when dispensed by special order; third, the habitual disuse of profane language. The plan of search as delineated by Dr. Kane previous to sailing, was based upon the probable extension of Greenland to the far north, believing that the search for the lost party would be more likely to terminate successfully by following the western coast of Greenland to the open sea, the existence of which had been inferred, and that progress to the west could be made as easily from northern Greenland as from Wellington channel.

The outfit was simple enough, and in some respects sadly deficient as the events of the voyage proved; but it was as ample as the means in the hands of Dr. Kane would admit. They consisted of a few rough boards to serve for housing over the brig in winter, and some canvas and India rubber tents, with a number of carefully built sledges. Their provisions consisted of two thousand pounds of pemmican, a quantity of Borden's meat-biscuit, dried potatoes, pickled

cabbage, and dried fruits, with salt beef and pork, hard biscuit and flour; a valuable set of instruments for observation, and a well chosen library were added.

Dr. Kane sailed from New York May 30th, 1853, escorted by steamers to the narrows. He and his companions took their departure amidst the cheers and salutes of their friends.

In eighteen days they arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, and were received by the authorities very cordially. A quantity of fresh provisions were added to their stock, and a team of ten noble dogs, for the purpose of sledge travel, the gift of Governor Hamilton. Stopping only two days at this island, they again put to sea, shaped their course for Greenland, and on the 1st of July entered the harbor of Fiskernaes, amidst the greeting of the whole population from the surrounding rocks. Here Dr. Kane took in a supply of such provisions as the place afforded, chiefly fish; and that his dogs might be well supplied with fresh meat and fish, hired a young Esquimaux hunter—Hans Cristian was his name, and is as great a favorite with the reader as he was with Dr. Kane and his men. Hans stipulated, in addition to his very moderate wages, that a couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother, to which was added a rifle and a new kayak.

Directing their course northward, and occasionally touching along the Greenland coast to supply themselves with furs and Esquimaux dogs, to meet the future exigencies of the voyage, without meeting with any incident of unusual interest, until July 29th, when, after eight hours of hard labor they made fast to an iceberg, when Dr. Kane says:

"We had hardly a breathing spell, before we were startled by a set of loud crackling sounds above us; and small fragments of ice not larger than a walnut began to dot the water like the first drops of a summer shower.

The indications were too plain: we had barely time to cast off before the face of the berg fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery.

"Our position in the mean time had been critical, a gale blowing off the shore, and the floes closing and scudding rapidly. We lost some three hundred and sixty fathoms of whale line, which were caught in the floes, and had to be cut away to release us from the drift. It was a hard night for boatwork, particularly with those of the party who were taking their first lessons in floe navigation."

He continues:

"We passed the 'Crimson Cliffs' of Sir John Ross in the forenoon of August 5th. The patches of red snow, from which they derive their name, could be seen clearly at the distance of ten miles from the coast. It had a fine deep rose hue, not at all like the brown stain which I noticed when I was here before. All the gorges and ravines in which the snows had lodged were deeply tinted with it. I had no difficulty now in justifying the somewhat poetical nomenclature which Sir John Franklin applied to this locality; for if the snowy surface were more diffused, as it is, no doubt, earlier in the season, crimson would be the prevailing color."

"Late at night we passed Conical Rock, the most insulated and conspicuous landmark of this coast; and, still later, Wolstenholme and Saunder's Islands, and Oomenak, the place of the 'North Star's' winter quarters — an admirable day's run; and so ends the 5th of August. We are standing along, with studding sails set, and open water before us, fast nearing our scene of labor. We have already got to work sewing up bags and preparing sledges for our campaignings on the ice."

August 7th he writes:

"On our left is a capacious bay; and deep in its north-eastern recesses we can see a glacier issuing from a fiord. We knew this bay familiarly afterward, as the residence of a body of

Esquimaux with whom we had many associations; but we little dreamt then that it would bear the name of a gallant friend, who found there the first traces of our escape. A small cluster of rocks, hidden at times by the sea, gave evidence of the violent tidal action about them.

"As we neared the west end of Littleton Island, after breakfast this morning, I ascended to the crow's-nest, and saw to my sorrow the ominous blink of ice ahead. The wind has been freshening for a couple of days from the northward, and if it continues it will bring down the floes on us.

"My mind has been made up from the first that we are to force our way to the north as far as the elements will let us; and I feel the importance therefore of securing a place of retreat, that in case of disaster we may not be altogether at large. Besides, we have now reached one of the points, at which, if any one is to follow us, he might look for some trace to guide him."

"I determined to leave a cairn on Littleton Island, and to deposit a boat with a supply of stores in some convenient place near it. One of our whale-boats had been crushed in Melville Bay, and Francis's metallic life-boat was the only one I could spare. Its length did not exceed twenty feet, and our crew of twenty could hardly stow themselves in it with even a few days' rations; but it was air-chambered and buoyant.

"Selecting from our stock of provisions and field equipage such portions as we might by good luck be able to dispense with, and adding with reluctant liberality some blankets and a few yards of India-rubber cloth, we set out in search of a spot for our first depot. It was essential that it should be upon the mainland; for the rapid tides might so wear away the ice as to make an island inaccessible to a foot-party; and yet it was desirable that, while secure against the action of sea and ice, it should be approachable by boats. We found such a place after

some pretty cold rowing. It was off the northeast cape of Littleton, and bore S.S.E. from Cape Hatherton, which loomed in the distance above the fog. Here we buried our life-boat with her little cargo. We placed along her gunwale the heaviest rocks we could handle, and, filling up the interstices with stones and sods of andromeda and moss, poured sand and water among the layers. This, frozen at once into a solid mass, might be hard enough, we hoped, to resist the claws of the polar bear.

"We found to our surprise, that we were not the first human beings who had sought a shelter in this desolate spot. A few ruined walls here and there showed that it had once been the seat of a rude settlement; and in the little knoll which we cleared away to cover in our storehouse of valuables we found the mortal remains of their former inhabitants.

"Nothing can be imagined more sad and homeless than these memorials of extinct life. Hardly a vestige of growth was traceable on the bare ice-rubbed rocks; and the huts resembled so much the broken fragments that surrounded them, that at first sight it was hard to distinguish one from the other. Walrus bones lay about in all directions, showing that this animal had furnished the staple of subsistence. There were some remains too of the fox and the narwhal; but I found no signs of the seal or reindeer.

"These Esquimaux have no mother earth to receive their dead; but they seat them as in the attitude of repose, the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are then grouped around him; they are covered with a rude dome of stones, and a cairn is piled above. This simple cenotaph will remain intact for generation after generation. The Esquimaux never disturb a grave.

"From one of the graves I took several perforated and rudely-fashioned pieces of walrus ivory, evidently parts of sledge and lance gear. But wood

must have been even more scarce with them than with the natives of Baffin's Bay north of the Melville glacier. We found, for instance, a child's toy spear, which, though elaborately tipped with ivory, had its wooden handle pieced out of four separate bits, all carefully patched and bound with skin. No piece was more than six inches in length, or half an inch in thickness.

"We found other traces of Esquimaux, both on Littleton Island and in Shoal-Water Cove, near it. They consisted of huts, graves, places of deposit for meat, and rocks arranged as fox-traps. These were evidently very ancient; but they were so well preserved, that it was impossible to say how long they had been abandoned, whether for fifty or a hundred years before.

"Our stores deposited, it was our next office to erect a beacon, and intrust to it our tidings. We chose for this purpose the Western Cape of Littleton Island, as more conspicuous than Cape Hatherton; built our cairn; wedged a staff into the crevices of the rocks; and, spreading flag, hailed its folds with three cheers as they expanded in the cold midnight breeze. These important duties performed,—the more lightly, let me say, for this little flicker of enthusiasm,—we rejoined the brig early in the morning of the 7th, and forced on again toward the north, beating against wind and tide."

Of the dogs he had procured for sledge-traveling, he says:

"More bother with these wretched dogs; worse than a street of Constantinople emptied upon our decks; the unruly, thieving, wild-beast pack! Not a bear's paw, or an Esquimaux cranium, or basket of mosses, or any specimen whatever, can leave your hands for a moment without their making a rush at it, and, after a yelping scramble, swallowing it at a gulp. I have seen them attempt a whole feather bed; and here, this very morning, one of my Karsuk brutes has eaten up two entire birds'-nests which I had

just before gathered from the rocks; feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss,—a peckful at the least. One was a perfect specimen of the nest of the tridactyl, the other of the big burgomaster.

"When we reach a floe, or berg, or temporary harbor, they start out in a body, neither voice nor lash restraining them, and scamper off like a drove of hogs in an Illinois oak-opening. Two of our largest left themselves behind at Fog Inlet, and we had to send off a boat-party to-day to their rescue. It cost a pull through ice and water of about eight miles before they found the recreants, fat and saucy, beside the carcass of the dead narwhal. After more than an hour spent in attempts to catch them, one was tied and brought on board; but the other suicidal scamp had to be left to his fate."

During the latter part of August and the first of September, as the difficulties of the voyage increased, most of the company were in favor of returning southward, and giving up a winter search. After a consultation, Dr. Kane fitted up a whale-boat for a voyage among the ice, and set off with a portion of the crew to reconnoiter their position. After an absence of several days he found a bay which combined all the requisites of a good winter harbor for the *Advance*. Of his return to the ship he says:

"My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words of the results of our journey, and why I had determined upon remaining, and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found here seven-fathom soundings and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbor, which we were fated never to leave together,—a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still."

September 10th, he writes:

"We have plenty of responsible work before us. The long 'night in which no man can work' is close at hand: in another month we shall lose

the sun. Astronomically, he should disappear on the twenty-fourth of October if our horizon were free; but it is obstructed by a mountain ridge, and, making all allowance for refraction, we can not count on seeing him after the 10th.

"First and foremost, we have to unstow the hold, and deposit its contents in the storehouse on Butler Island. Brooks and a party are now briskly engaged in this double labor, running loaded boats along a canal that has to be recut every morning.

"Next comes the catering for winter diet. We have little or no game as yet in Smith's Sound; and, though the traces of deer that we have observed may be followed by the animals themselves, I can not calculate upon them as a resource. I am without the hermetically-sealed meats of our last voyage; and the use of salt meat in circumstances like ours is never safe. A fresh-water pond, which fortunately remains open at Medary, gives me a chance for some further experiments in freshening this portion of our stock. Steaks of salt junk, artistically cut, are strung on lines like a countrywoman's dried apples, and soaked in festoons under the ice. The salmon-trout and salt codfish which we bought at Fiskernaes are placed in barrels, perforated to permit a constant circulation of fresh water through them. Our pickled cabbage is similarly treated, after a little potash has been used to neutralize the acid. All these are submitted to twelve hours of alternate soaking and freezing, the crust of ice being removed from them before each immersion. This is the steward's province, and a most important one it is.

"Every one else is well employed; McGary arranging and Bonsall making the inventory of our stores; Ohlsen and Petersen building our deck-house; while I am devising the plan of an architectural interior, which is to combine, of course, the utmost ventilation, room, dryness, warmth, general accommodation, comfort,—in a word, all the appliances of health.

"We have made a comfortable dog-house on Butler Island; but though our Esquimaux *canaille* are within scent of our cheeses there, one of which they ate yesterday for lunch, they can not be persuaded to sleep away from the vessel. They prefer the bare snow, where they can couch within the sound of our voices, to a warm kennel upon the rocks. Strange that this dog-distinguishing trait of affection for man should show itself in an animal so imperfectly reclaimed from a savage state that he can hardly be caught when wanted!"

"September 13.—'Besides preparing our winter quarters, I am engaged in the preliminary arrangements for my provision-depots along the Greenland coast. Mr. Kennedy is, I believe, the only one of my predecessors who has used October and November for Arctic field-work; but I deem it important to our movements during the winter and spring, that the depots in advance should be made before the darkness sets in. I purpose arranging three of them at intervals,—pushing them as far as I can,—to contain in all some twelve hundred pounds of provision, of which eight hundred will be pemmican.'

"My plans of future search were directly dependent upon the success of these operations of the fall. With a chain of provision-depots along the coast of Greenland, I could readily extend my travel by dogs. These noble animals formed the basis of my future plans: the only drawback to their efficiency as a means of travel was their inability to carry the heavy loads of provender essential for their support. A badly-fed or heavily-loaded dog is useless for a long journey; but with relays of provisions I could start empty, and fill up at our final station.

"My dogs were both Esquimaux and Newfoundlanders. Of these last I had ten: they were to be carefully broken, to travel by voice without the whip, and were expected to be very useful for heavy draught, as their tractability would allow the driver to

regulate their pace. I was already training them in a light sledge, to drive, unlike the Esquimaux, two abreast, with a regular harness, a breast-collar of flat leather, and a pair of traces. Six of them made a powerful traveling-team; and four could carry me and my instruments, for short journeys around the brig, with great ease."

They reared an observatory near the ship, and sent out their depot parties to make caches of provisions. These caches were buried in the snow, and covered with sand and gravel—the whole being drenched with water and frozen solid, so as to resist the depredations of the polar bear; but their efforts to do this were useless, for they found in the spring that the bears had helped themselves to all these stores of provisions. The long and dreaded night of the Arctic winter came rapidly upon them, and its effect upon both men and dogs were disastrous in the extreme. Raw potato grated was the inviting fresh food prescribed for scurvy, but some of the crew refused it absolutely.

"The month of March brought back to us the perpetual day. The sunshine had reached our deck on the last day of February: we needed it to cheer us. We were not as pale as my experience in Lancaster Sound had foretold; but the scurvy-spots that mottled our faces gave sore proof of the trials we had undergone. It was plain that we were all of us unfit for arduous travel on foot at the intense temperatures of the nominal spring; and the return of the sun, by increasing the evaporation from the floes, threatened us with a recurrence of still severer weather.

"But I felt that our work was unfinished. The great object of the expedition challenged us to a more northward exploration. My dogs, that I had counted on so largely, the nine splendid Newfoundlanders and thirty-five Esquimaux of six months before, had perished; there were only six survivors of the whole pack, and one of these was unfit for draught. Still, they formed my principal reliance, and

I busied myself from the very beginning of the month in training them to run together."

Near the middle of March a depot party was sent out, and the suffering they encountered before their return was more severe than anything else experienced during the whole voyage. The following is the account of it:

"We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

"Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

"My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party; a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

"There was not one moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a

hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at forty-six degrees, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

"A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacle Berg," served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

"We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

"Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in cache, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to forty-nine degrees, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was

out of the question to halt: it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue: it burnt like caustic.

"It was indispensable then that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply their chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

"We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But, as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hammock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades: we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

"The little tent was neatly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file upon each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than

is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me: they were sure I would come!'

"We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons: more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

"We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Every thing else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-ropes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

"This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers; the thermometer was at fifty-five degrees below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

"It was completed at last, however;

all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifty and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load; the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

"And yet our march for the first six hours was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floe before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

(To be concluded.)

If time is the most precious of goods, the loss of time must be the greatest of losses. Waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.

POPULAR REFINEMENT.

IN the autumn of 1849, we were spending some six weeks in the Peak of Derbyshire, in company with two distinguished literary friends, when a rapid thunder storm, which swept across the moors, led us one afternoon to seek the shelter of an old-fashioned homestead. It was situated in a spot of surpassing loveliness: the wild moors stretched above it in the blue distance; and below it, in the descending valley, rich in woodlands, glided a silvery tributary of the Trent. Around lay a garden, not very trim, but filled to overflowing with sweet-smelling flowers, whilst beyond its boundary nature's lavish bounty had decked every available spot, even to the moorland's edge, with the eglantine, the foxglove, and those countless other wild-flowers for which Derbyshire has deservedly so rich a fame. To adorn this scene of beauty, a spring of some volume gushed from the moorland's side, into a vast trough of stone, round which fell the richest and most abundant of the mountain flowers. Within the homestead were lavish capabilities without effects, saving that of coarse disorder. The kitchen and parlor were absolutely crammed with antique furniture of the finest kind: old cabinets, old dressers, old chairs, filigreed and ebony mirrors, and china bowls, cups, and dishes that would have made half the lovers of mediæval and the renaissance period of art wild for possession. In a room up stairs, where we went to change our dripping garments, this *embarras de richesses* was the same. Carved spinning-wheels, chests, and boxes, were varied by a corner cupboard filled to repletion with ancient glass and porcelain — most of it beautiful in form as well as color. Yet here, as well as down stairs, the only result of all this real artistic beauty was to excite ideas of grotesque confusion. China-bowls, which, if filled with a few of the garden sweets so near at hand, would have been absolutely gorgeous, were stuck full of old tobacco

pipes; a pile of china saucers, from which Wedgwood would have taken a lesson, was crowned by a red herring! and long-necked bottles of Venetian glass, into which the hand of taste would have placed a lily or a rose, were filled with the odds and ends it would be difficult to describe. By the way of contrast to this adventure, we took tea at a country parsonage the same week, where, with no such means either of individual wealth or its accumulated accessories, the most exquisite and simple taste prevailed. There was no rich furniture, no gorgeous foreign porcelain, no glass of exquisite shape; but there were cleanliness, order, refined taste, and a knowledge how to use accessible and common things. Flowers from the moorland, fields, and garden, were exquisitely set about two pleasant rooms — here in a flat dish of common earth, there in a red earthenware vase that had been bought for a shilling; within a sort of alcove that separated parlor from study, ivy had been trained in German fashion; from a little clay bottle hung to the wall, and probably dug out of a barrow on the neighboring moors, fell long stemmed wood-plants tinged with autumn dyes. The tea-table was alike a pattern of cleanliness and good taste. The tea-service, though of no great value, had been selected with an eye to well-rounded forms; the metal tea-pot was resplendent in its brightness; a bowl filled with flowers stood with its honeyed scents amidst hospitable dainties of cake and fruit; and one simple preparation of rice and cream was encircled with a wreath of geranium blooms and myrtle leaves, gathered from the prolific bounty of the garden. One other little matter impressed itself greatly on our minds, and convinced us still more effectually of the immense worth of knowing how to use “common things.” It was a pyramid of lovely wild-flowers, formed by a pile of saucers, each less than another, the whole crowned by a common gallipot. Round each of these saucers, flowers were wreathed in water, whilst the

apex cup was filled with a clustering bunch of various colored heath. In a long walk home that night, we quietly thought over the causes of the strange contrast which the difference of a few hours had shown; and we came to the conclusion, that wealth, or even the possession of the constituent elements of beauty, cannot, or do not of themselves, either constitute beauty, or argue the possession of refined taste; whilst, on the other hand, beauty, refinement, and true taste, are as perfectly consistent with, as they are producible from, the simplest means.

It was but a natural deduction from this conclusion, that it is possible for a member of the hard-working classes to be much more refined than they are generally aware of. We are not unmindful of difficulties, but we think them all superable, and see them, indeed, in the course of being overcome every day.

The point to be first regarded is a physical one. Here the aristocratic class of England have an advance beyond most others, for not only has there been a long prior continuance of good nurture, care, and cultivation, but none are more alive at the present day than they to the advantages of exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and simple living. Now, in reference to these, so far as they administer to health, refinement, and the moral consciousness of purity, there is nothing to prevent their being realized by the thrifty artisan, more particularly if his means be yet untrammelled by wife or children. True, he has no horse to ride, no carriage to await his need, but little comparative leisure for air and exercise, and his days may be spent for the most part in a close confined workshop or ware-room; but with his mind once directed to the immense importance of air and exercise, in improving and preserving the condition of the physical organization, and the consequent elevation of the tone of the moral sentiments, he will let pass no opportunity of spending portions of his holidays, and the first fresh hours of the summer mornings,

away from the scene of his labor — if this be possible. Even the artisan of London may place miles between him and the city for the price of a pot of beer or a glass of spirits. In fact, if sufficient education, reading, and thought be his, a loftier principle than one of immediate reference to health or mere vigor of limb will animate his pursuit of physical health. Just as he insures his life, or saves a portion of his wages, for the benefit of children that may be his, so will it be his principle to lay a foundation for the healthy bodies and sound minds of his progeny, by a conservation and attention to his own physical well-being. Again, on the subject of cleanliness, the same case may be his. And as for neglected hair, dirty hands, nails, and teeth, there is no excuse for any man or woman, who is desirous not only of self-respect, but of the respect of others. Why is a large section of the aristocratic class so beautiful? Why is their hair so fine and flowing, their hands and nails so beautifully shaped, their teeth so white and perfect? The answer is found in the continuance of care from parent to child, and not so much in a difference originally from nature, or in the amount of difference between the effects of bodily labor and its absence. To speak in more philosophical language, it is the ratio of the civilizing process. So far as regards the hands, there is no reason why thousands of our working-classes, both men and women, should not have them as beautiful as those painted by Lely and Vandyke, and inherited by the descendants of their sisters at the present day. Much of the labor of the loom, the printing-press, the workshop, and the counter, is cleanly in its kind; and what is more, every advance of the productive arts is in favor of this characteristic. The point is, therefore, simply one of personal care and attention. We confess we do not wish to effeminate men, or render women a whit less useful; but where preservation and care are allied to both beauty and self-culture; where the object referred to is a gift of

the Divine, and conservation therefore a duty; where it is in the nature of human advance to lessen the physical distinction between men, and annihilate caste; where the gentleman and gentlewoman, of whatever degree, seek to show conscious refinement in small things as well as great — then the care and preservation of the hands, nails, hair, and teeth, become, so far as practicable, moral duties. Nor may ignorance be pleaded: the little manuals of Erasmus Wilson, Saunders, or Clarke, give every requisite information at the cheapest rate.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

My darling only daughter, thou bright-eyed
treasur'd one,
Fairer to me than jewels that glitter in the
sun;
A fountain deep thou'st opened within a mo-
ther's heart,
Love, gentle, fervent, lasting, that knows no
counterpart.

Around my neck how fondly those little arms
entwine,
I press thee to my bosom, and joy to call thee
mine,
Mine as a gift from Heaven, ay, truly hast
thou come,
As sunshine on my pathway, to scatter clouds
of gloom.

And yet, the task is solemn to guide thy in-
fant mind,
And mold the tender image so carefully en-
shrined,
To guard by holy teachings from earth's cor-
rupting snare,
That soon, if life continues, will press thee
unawares.

I crave for thee not fortune, or flattery's sub-
tile smile,
Nor all those charms that dazzle a giddy
throng the while;
There's brighter, purer pleasure, and gems
that are divine,
God grant these lasting treasures, my daugh-
ter, may be thine.

At Fashion's truthless altar, O, never may'st
thou bow,
But from such idol-worship be innocent as
now;
And may the Christian graces e'er thine
adorning be,
That the *true noble woman*, shine forth, my
child, in thee.

MIRABEAU.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

PROVIDENCE, who never launches a human soul into life without stamping upon it a moral aim, not only personal but for the instruction of the race, repeats again and again the lesson that no largeness of capacity, generosity of nature, or nobleness of impulse, can compensate for the absence of virtue, or form an enduring basis of character. Such life histories as that of Mirabeau, belong not only to statesmen and politicians, but also to mothers, and should be studied both as guide and warning. They should learn from them, as they look upon their young sons, and finally read in their unfolding the promise of a splendid manhood, to temper hope with fear — to accompany each fond heart-throb with the prayer, "Let me not bequeath to my country talents without worth, greatness without virtue."

The French Revolution, which threw into relief the darkest and brightest shades of human nature, presents no character of stronger development, or more marked characteristics, than Mirabeau. An orator, and a prince among orators, a statesman and scholar, a man of capacity so large, and faculties so varied, that he filled all stations with equal grace, he had, superadded, that wonderful sorcery over human hearts, and which is one of Heaven's rarest and most princely gifts. Physically, a Titan, with a voice of thunder, and a face imposing and terrible, there was yet in him that strange blending of benignity and haughtiness, of grace and self-sufficiency, which at once repels, attracts, and fascinates mankind.

The singular incidents which attended his childhood, his herculean development of mind and body almost from the cradle, the wrongs and sufferings of his gentle and early manhood — all these were fit portraits of the great part which Mirabeau was to act in his country's history.

Honoré Gabriel Piquette Conte de Mirabeau was born in 1749. His paternal ancestors, the Riquelli, were an ancient and noble family, and prided themselves on the purity of their blood, and a chivalrous courage which had been tried on many a battle-field. He inherited all the genius and courage of his race, softened by the graces of a more humane age.

The childhood of the young Gabriel was not happy, and to the unfortunate influences which then surrounded him we trace many of his subsequent vices. His father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, entirely misconceived his character, and adopted a system of government just opposite to that which his peculiar disposition required. The Marquis was a man of iron will, violent temper, and persevering determination. When, therefore, he found that the little Count was formed after his own image, and had a stout will and somewhat insolent way of manifesting it, he determined either to break or bend it. He conceived that there was something ferocious in the nature of the child — he must be subdued like a tiger, by stripes, hunger, and imprisonment. Accordingly he commenced a most extraordinary system of tyranny, and pursued it year after year with inflexible determination, till the child grew to manhood and escaped from his grasp. After exhausting every species of domestic discipline without making any impression on the indomitable spirit of his son, or abating the violence of his temper, he sent him to a military school for the purpose of crushing him into submission, *lettres de cachet*, and imprisonment in a lonely mountain fortress succeeded, and served only to embitter the hatred between parent and child.

We have never read of a more barbarous and unnatural system of family government than that of the Marquis de Mirabeau; and yet he was accounted by the world a pattern of all the virtues and an universal philanthropist: he who wept at the name of suffering, and would fain have

embraced the whole world in his sympathizing arms, diffused no warmth around his own hearthstone, and had no pity on his own flesh. The whole family dwelt in a constant state of feud. Father and mother were openly estranged, and children marshaled themselves on either side, as interest or inclination prompted.

Bitter was the fruit of such domestic training. The young Count, whose heart would have opened to love like a spring blossom — whose native nobleness and generosity no tyranny could wholly repress, lost all his fair proportion and orderly development. He became reckless of a character which his own father was determined to blast, and rushed into vice without effort at self-restraint. We will not deny that he early developed a taste for low and debasing pleasures; but if he became a libertine before he was a man, does not part of the sin lie at the door of that home where virtue was made to look so repulsive in his eyes? Had lessons of purity been dropped into his heart by beloved lips, had austere reproofs been softened by pity — had he been consoled when he erred, and led back by gentle hands, who knows whether he would ever have wandered into dark and forbidden paths, and whether the historian might not have been spared an infamous chapter in his history.

Mirabeau was not only profligate, but extravagant, and this in the eyes of the miserly old Marquis was the greater sin. He would neither be awed nor starved into prudence. The small pittances which were doled out to him with penurious hand, would scarcely cover the expenses of a night's orgies. Doubtless he was a very difficult subject for domestic management, and the most judicious system could hope only to curb, soften, and restrain.

We can not look upon this formative portion of Mirabeau's life without grief and admiration as well as reproach. His faults were many, but they were the excrescences of a noble nature. Endowed with every manly

grace — ardent, impetuous, chivalrous, self-willed, but neither obstinate nor vindictive, with an intellect rapid and imperious, and a soul of impassioned sensibilities, what groundwork was there for a man! Pressed down by a tyranny which would have soured or deadened a less buoyant nature, his spirit ever rose with the elasticity of an irrepressible life. Neither the lonely castle of Joux, nor the dungeon walk of Vincennes, could conform the fervid energies of his soul. While in prison he cheered his lonely hours by composing treatises on history, science, philosophy, and belles-lettres; and, though these performances were very crude and ill-digested, they show an energy and fertility of thought truly astonishing.

While still young, Mirabeau wedded Mademoiselle de Marignane, a rich young heiress of Aix. The manner in which he accomplished this marriage showed his unscrupulous character, and his low estimate of female virtue. Finding a favored lover in the field, he determined to find means unfair to effect his removal. His ingenuity could devise no better mode than to compromise the reputation of the lady he would marry. Having arranged private interviews with a maid servant, he was in the habit of leaving his well-known carriage adjacent to the window of his intended bride, while he was secreted in the premises. The fair fame of the lady becoming thus basely implicated, the rival withdrew, and she was glad to give her hand to the man who had wronged her.

A marriage so inauspicious in its commencement ended in misery. Both parties were unfaithful, and soon separated. During this brief union, Mirabeau launched out into new extravagances, and contracted debts to the amount of three hundred thousand livres, whereupon his father obtained an act of lunacy against him. A quarrel was soon after made the pretext for further persecution, and he was shut up in the castle of If, and subsequently removed to Joux.

He was not long in obtaining the confidence of his keeper, and gaining permission to visit the neighboring city of Pontalier upon parole. There he won the love of the Marchioness of Monmer, a very beautiful and charming woman. Her husband was a man of considerable distinction, and had been president of the Provincial Parliament. Into this hitherto united family, Mirabeau, the destroyer, stole, and robbed it of its brightest ornament. The marchioness became so infatuated by her unhappy passion, that she consented to sacrifice rank, home, society, and fly with her lover to Holland.

We shall not soil our pages with an account of all Mirabeau's degrading connections with females. Few could resist upon whom he chose to exercise his peculiar fascinations. Although hideously ugly, and frightfully marked with the small-pox, he gathered to himself the affections of many fair and gifted ones. "You know not," said he to a friend, "all the powers of my ugliness." He had an immense quantity of hair, which was dressed in such a manner as to suggest the idea of a lion's head. "When I shake my terrible locks," said he, "no one dares interrupt me." With such audacious tyranny did he exercise his wonderful mastery over hearts.

His conversation was as remarkable as his face — witty, sensible, full of life and freshness, interspersed with anecdotes and personal reminiscences, for which his romantic career furnished ample material. He could appropriate the thoughts and language of others with the greatest facility, and so illuminate them by some sudden flash of genius that the poor authors were wholly unable to recognize their own offspring.

Soon after Mirabeau's escape from his long imprisonment in Vincennes, he identified himself with those incipient movements which led to the French Revolution. Although a noble by birth, and a patrician in pride and hauteur, all his better impulses led him to espouse the popular cause. There can

be no doubt that the love of liberty which he expressed in such impassioned words was genuine and heartfelt.

Mirabeau desired to represent the noblesse of Provence in the States General; but so wide spread was his reputation for intrigue and profligacy, that he failed of an election. The expedient which he devised for securing a seat was more ingenious than honorable. Hiring a warehouse, he posted upon it the sign "Mirabeau, Woolen Draper," which so pleased the fancy of the tiers état of Aix that they returned him as their deputy.

Although young and wholly inexperienced in public affairs, he was not unqualified for his new duties. The renown of his romantic adventures, his intrigues, family quarrels, sufferings, wit and eloquence, filled all France, and created a general expectancy. His appetite for knowledge was ravenous, and he had found pause, in the midst of his most absorbing pursuits, for study and composition. He had thus accumulated a vast mass of crude and unasimilated material which he had neither time nor patience to digest. In the knowledge of human nature, he was wise beyond his years, having studied it in every phase, from the highest to the lowest, from the prince to the peasant. The outrages he had suffered had roused his impassioned nature, and taught him an earnest and manly eloquence. He knew the heart of the poor, for he too had suffered want and privation. He had never been pampered by parental tenderness or enervated by indulgence. On the whole, the Count de Mirabeau was as true an exponent of the whole French people as the States General contained. He was soon to become the leading spirit, the guide and master of that assembly.

We have seen that he secured his election only by a *ruse de guerre*. He again experienced difficulty when he presented his credentials. Several deputies had been greeted by warm applause, but when the name of Mirabeau was pronounced a general murmur of execration ran through the assembly.

The members felt insulted by the presence of such a libertine among them, and recoiled from him with horror.

Mirabeau felt this insult keenly, although he carried a lofty and menacing front, and affected great contempt. Every time he made an effort to speak he was hissed into silence, and there was danger that the new life which was rousing within him would be crushed out without giving a sign or token. But an incident soon occurred which extorted for him the admiration of the House, and established him in a position which he never lost.

Duroverai, a worthy deputy, was seated in the assembly, when a member arose, and, without the slightest ground for the charge, denounced him as a traitor and a spy. The House was thrown into the utmost confusion, and loud and angry voices were heard from every part of the hall. Mirabeau heard his intimate friend defamed, and his generous soul was roused with indignation. He ascended the tribune; he raised his terrible voice far above the tempest, and conquered a silence. He vindicated the insulted honor of his friend with noble and impassioned eloquence, and retired amid a universal burst of applause. All hearts were subdued before him; and from that time his bitterest enemies listened to him with attention and respect.

From the moment that he was appreciated, Mirabeau was great. He became energized by a grand and absorbing enthusiasm. He was all nerve; all vitality. No difficulty disheartened — no labor fatigued him. Day after day, month after month, he poured forth his burning thoughts on the tribune without weariness or exhaustion. He seemed endowed with an ubiquity of thought and presence, and to bear an invulnerable life.

The amount of labor which he accomplished was almost incredible. "Had I not lived with Mirabeau," said Dumont, "I never would have known all that can be done in one day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours." A day to him was of more

value than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution, there was no time to be lost. *To-morrow* was not to him the same imposter as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his labors, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labor was begun and writings prepared. He read little; but he read with great rapidity, and discovered at a glance whatever was new and interesting in a book. Writings were copied in his house with prodigious quickness. As fast as a speech changed its form by corrections or additions, he had fresh copies made of it. This labor sometimes proved too much for those who undertook it; but his haste of temper was known, and he must be obeyed. "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence!"

We are not forgetful that the charge of plagiarism lies at the door of Mirabeau. Even his love letters are said to contain whole pages literally copied from French novels, and of his graver labors Dumont, Duroverai, and others, claim the greater part. It is asserted that those speeches which used to electrify the assembly, were composed and transcribed by his friends, and that the clean copy was put into his hands as he left his house.

We readily grant to whoever claims it, the honor of forming the rough draft of Mirabeau's speeches. He was not a man of scrupulous honor, and doubtless often employed his friends as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Whoever may have been the servitors of his genius, we know that whatever distinguished his oratory from that of all others, the scorching irony, the sudden flashes of wit, and splendid images that illumined it, and more than all, the impassioned action

which sent it thrilling to every heart — these were all his own.

Mirabeau was the soul, the voice, the arm of the Constituent Assembly. He assisted at the birth of every movement — proposed every measure — silenced every objection — leveled every antagonist. Did the tide of revolution stop for a moment, or roll backward? Mirabeau saw it; he roused himself; he ascended the tribune, and paced it with the tread of a giant; he tossed backward his lion's mane. How his bosom heaves: how his eye dilates and gathers fire. The spirit of the man is fully up; he roars upon you; he stuns you with the thunders of his voice; he blinds you with the lightning of his eye. He takes your reason by storm. He seizes your doubts and throws them to the winds. He masters your will and bears you along on a triumphant tide of eloquence.

No man was capable of inspiring warmer personal friendship than Mirabeau. Men of the most opposite tastes and sentiments met in his saloons, drawn thither by the charms of his conversation. Those who looked upon his profligate habits with loathing and disgust could not resist the manly frankness of his address. He was the conqueror of hearts, and inspired devotion in all who approached him. Even servants and the postillions on the road looked up to him with a species of idolatry. It is related that "sometimes he amused himself with kicking and thumping Teutch, (his *valet-de-chambre*,) who considered these rough caresses as marks of friendship. When, from occupation or some other cause, several days had elapsed without any such token being given, poor Teutch was very sad, and his service seemed to weigh heavily upon him. 'What is the matter, Teutch,' said his master one day, 'you look very melancholy?' 'Monsieur le Comte neglects me quite.' 'How? what do you mean?' said Mirabeau. 'Monsieur le Comte has not taken any notice of me for this week past.' Thus it was really a necessary act of human-

ity to give him now and then a good blow in the stomach; and if he were knocked down, he laughed heartily, and was quite delighted. The despair of this man at Mirabeau's death was inconceivable."

Mirabeau was the idol of the people. At every public demonstration, all eyes rested on that erect form, taller by a head than all his compeers. They hung upon his lips; they would have died for him; yet he neither cringed to them, nor fawned upon them. He even carried himself somewhat imperiously in their presence. They read in his open countenance honesty and sympathy, and these are qualities that the people are quick to appreciate. He was generous and brave, frank and sincere, and men remembered not his faults against him.

We are apt to view Mirabeau exclusively as an orator and popular leader. Though early removed from life, he had begun to develop high qualities as a statesman. It was his ambition to make a great minister, to surpass in renown Richelieu, Mazarin, and all who had preceded him. He felt within himself an undeveloped power sufficient for the most stupendous enterprises.

He had indeed many qualities of a great leader. No person had a more intuitive knowledge of mankind and the secret springs of action, or could select his agents with more unerring sagacity. His judgments of the future were seldom mistaken. On several occasions they were so remarkably fulfilled as to give him the reputation of a seer with the vulgar. Among his last utterances was one mournfully true: "I take with me," exclaimed the dying man, "the last shreds of the monarchy."

It was in the last stage of Mirabeau's life, when he began to feel the stirrings of a noble ambition, and a strength to accomplish something worthy of his genius — worthy to leave behind him as a patriot's legacy to his country — it was then that he began to reap the bitter fruit of his early sins.

When he would have forgotten the

past, the world remembered it against him. When he would have commenced a new life, and shaken off his degrading connections, society shut her doors in his face. "Alas!" he would exclaim, in a voice broken with sobs, "I am cruelly expiating the errors of my youth."

We have sometimes imagined what France would have been had Mirabeau been spared to her; and we have thought that if his great heart had continued to beat against his country's, he would have steadied her convulsive throbbings, and saved her the deadliest pangs of the Revolution. It is evident that during the last months of his life, he had anxious forebodings of the future, and sought to lay the potent spirits he had raised. He saw that the bastard sons of freedom were ready to spring to the helm the moment he should drop it; and his eye wandered, half regretfully, back to the throne which his own hands had shaken.

Would he have planted it again on its old foundations, and heaved around it its ancient bulwarks? We know not; for here the curtain drops upon Mirabeau, and the Revolution rolls on in its desolating track.

Never did death-knell strike so dismally on the ear of France, as that which in 1791 announced the death of her great leader. When the tidings of his alarming illness was rumored in Paris, the whole city was moved. Men passed each other in the streets in appalling silence. Thousands crowded the ante-chamber of the dying man, to read the bulletin which announced the hourly progress of his disease. Several eagerly offered to open their veins, that they might pour into his wasted system the fresh current of health. The king in his palace watched with trembling anxiety for the return of each messenger from the sick chamber. But neither prayers, nor tears, nor medical skill, could save him from the Destroyer, and soon there remained to a mourning people but the ashes of their idol—the great procession and the Pantheon!

Mirabeau's disease was a most agonizing one, brought on by early excesses. It moved on without pause or pity. He bore his sufferings with the fortitude of a philosopher. Would that we might add, with the resignation of a Christian. He preserved all his self-control, and all his tranquillity of exterior. When the anguish of some fierce convulsion had passed away, he would turn to his attendants and say: "I shall suffer so long as you have the least hopes of my cure; but if you have no longer any, have the humanity to put an end to my sufferings, of which you can have no idea." On the morning of his death, he wrote: "It is not so difficult to die."

Calling to his side the Bishop of Autun, he gave him a speech on *wills*, saying, "these are the last thoughts the world will have of mine. I deposit this manuscript with you. Read it when I am no more; it is my legacy to the Assembly." He saw that the eyes of all France rested upon him, and, to borrow the forcible language of the good bishop who attended him, "*he dramatized his death.*" His thoughts were all "earthward bent," and we do not learn that he addressed one earnest prayer to heaven; and thus without a repentant tear, with his sins unforgiven, his soul unblessed, Mirabeau surrendered himself into the hands of his Maker.

LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

WE give below a very interesting account of the visit of our American traveler, Bayard Taylor, to the greatest traveler of the old world, Alexander Von Humboldt.

There is probably no living man who has added so much to the researches of science, and to the information we have received from the remote parts of the world, as Von Humboldt. He was born in 1769, when his father, Major Von Humboldt, was chamberlain to the princess Elizabeth of Prussia; and endowed as he was by nature with

a strong physical constitution, and having all the advantages of education and rank placed within his reach, he has used his great brain for nearly a century, without stint or hindrance. His great work, "Kosmos," contains the result of his chief studies. It is good to look upon such a man, and we are sure this letter contains both interest and profit for our readers :

AN HOUR WITH HUMBOLDT.

BERLIN, Nov. 25, 1856.

I came to Berlin, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of lindens, its operas and theaters, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and saloons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander Von Humboldt.

At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhausting homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defense has rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands : I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterward I received, through the city post, a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive

me, and appointed one o'clock to-day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck. While in Berlin, he lives with his servant, Seifert, whose name I found on the door. It was a plain two-story house, with a dull pink front, and inhabited, like most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell-wire over Seifert's name came from the second story. I pulled : the heavy *porte-cochere* opened of itself, and I mounted the steps until I reached a second bell-pull, over a plate inscribed, "Alexander Von Humboldt."

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked ; and added, on receiving my reply : "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history ; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognized each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly ; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of

the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself; then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "Oh, good gray head, which all men know." The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant; his step slow, but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that

his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked: "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know, from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very

grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have traveled in Mexico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie further to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes,

and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted me had expired. Seifert at length re-appeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar: "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Captain Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott — in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age — crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but do you know

what this is?" pointing to the antlers of a Rocky Mountain elk. "Of course I do," said I; "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed out the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings by his son-in-law, Muhlihausen, who had accompanied Lieut. Whipple in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He also showed me a very elaborate specimen of bead-work, in a gilt frame. "This," he said, "is the work of a Kirghiz princess, who presented it to his Excellency when we were on our journey to Siberia." "You accompanied his Excellency then?" I asked. "Yes," said he; "we were there in '29." Seifert is justly proud of having shared for thirty or forty years the fortunes of his master. There was a ring, and a servant came in to announce a visitor. "Ah! the Prince Ypsilanti," said he; "don't let him in; don't let a single soul in; I must go and dress his Excellency. Sir, excuse me — yours, most respectfully," and therewith he bowed himself out. As I descended to the street, I passed Prince Ypsilanti on the stairs.

SLEEP.

THOSE who do not sleep well, do not work well, either with body or mind. Fashionable people, who violate or neglect more laws of their being than even vicious or criminal persons, violate the laws of sleep, awfully. They are up late, exhausting both body and brain, long after the last meal has been taken and digested, and do not retire when the darkness and stillness invite them. Then they have no extra supply of blood for the brain, perhaps not enough for common purposes. They lie in the morning, while nature is all awake, not in sleep, but in unrelieved weariness, and try, by mental and physical stimulants, to supply the force, obtained by the poor, uncultivated laborer, by sleep.

Just when all the anima's, except a few, retire to rest, when all the useful

laborers of every class have finished the labors of the day, the votaries of fashion begin the toils of the night, and like the flies and moths, that are woke and roused by the splendor of chandeliers, they buzz around the objects of their admiration and worship, until they are exhausted. Even the pauper patient at our hospitals, enjoys sleep; whereas the lady, whose income counts by thousands, can not have one night's good sleep. Oh! ye poor rich!

Almost all headaches arise from deficient circulation in the brain; and nothing is so beneficial, nay, so absolutely requisite, as plenty of sound sleep. The remedy for *Tic Doloieux*, or *neuralgia*, is sleep. One good night's sleep is of more use to a cough, than any remedy of the entire *materia medica*. If, on "taking cold," as it is called, we can lie down, wrap up warm, and sleep, our fortune is made — we are recovered. The best medicine that we can give in *fever*, is sleep.

The Scalpel,

LITTLE MAY.

SORROWFULLY INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. STRONG.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

'Tis the angel's harvest, and they are gathering the children. What they sang last Sabbath morning.

THE fairest one of all our band,
Has flown to earth from th' Spirit-land,
And folded close her tiny wings,
She, by a Mortal hearthstone sings.

Launch the Death-bark, haste away,
And bring her home to Heaven to-day!
For nestled close to loving breasts,
Our little angel wanderer rests.

We've missed her golden harp too long!
We've missed the warble of her song!
'Tis Sabbath morn, so haste away,
And bring her back to Heaven, to-day.

* * * * *

No purer spirit drifted out,
Amid the Angel's joyous shout,
Than left that morn, our tearful shore,
To come again, ah, never more!

And o'er the death-tide flashed a light,
That hid her tossing bark from sight,
And mortals called that gleam a star,
But 't was the gates of Heaven ajar,
And ere its radiance passed away,
The waiting spirits welcomed MAY.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

THE proceedings of the Bribery Committee, appointed by the House of Representatives in January, has been the principal matter of interest in Congress during the past month. Raymond, of the *New York Times*, Col. Chester, of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and Simonton, were arrested as witnesses. Mr. Raymond refused to give the name of the writer in the *Times*, whose charge of corruption by the bribery of members of the House had first elicited the discussion, but held himself responsible for the article, and maintained the duty of the press to act on moral convictions.

On the 17th of January, the House were considering a private bill, in connection with which Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, was discussing a point in relation to the Court of Claims. He had been a friend to the court, but still he considered the judges fallible. "I, myself, am fallible," he said, and fell backward in his chair, being seized with atrophy of the heart. The members and spectators were thrown into the highest state of alarm, in the midst of which an adjournment ensued. We are happy to state that Mr. Giddings is in a fair way for recovery.

From various portions of the country we hear reports of the intense cold. A dispatch from Watertown, Jefferson county, on Monday the 18th, says:—"In this village yesterday, all the mercury thermometers congealed at about thirty-seven degrees below zero. A spirit thermometer registered forty degrees below zero." The suffering throughout the country, much of which remains to be revealed, has been dreadful. A gentleman who resides in Northern Iowa states that within a circuit of seventy miles about his residence, some thirty persons have perished of cold the present winter. A party of eight hunters were lost in the storm on the prairie, and all perished. The degree of cold at the South the present season is unprecedented. In all parts of Virginia, the people are busily engaged in harvesting ice. They say that no supply will be needed from the North next summer. The ice in the Mississippi extends further south than it has for many years past. At St. Louis, navigation has been suspended for three weeks on account of the ice. On the 22d ultimo, the thermometer at Minacoby, East Florida, stood at twelve degrees below zero at sunrise, which is the coldest weather ever known there.

DISASTER AT SEA.—A melancholy catalogue of disasters during the late gale fills the daily papers. One of the most terrible is that which befell the British brig *Princess Louisa*. The brig was off the coast of Barnegat, when a violent gale from the northwest sprang up, and almost completely dismantled the vessel.

Three of the men were frost-bitten, and the remainder were hardly capable of managing the vessel, so intense was the cold which accompanied the gale. After many days of weary labor they succeeded in reaching the coast again, but again they encountered a northwester, and a second time the vessel was dismantled. The storm was accompanied with intense cold, and as the sea washed over the brig the water froze upon her decks and rigging, and converted her into a miniature iceberg. The men found it almost impossible to work the ship, and were under the necessity of breaking the ice from the sails and rigging with their marling spikes. For more than a month the fore-castle was converted into a hospital. Thither the frost-bitten seamen would hurry and endeavor to restore their frozen limbs to life again. They were totally unacquainted with the luxury of a fire, and with benumbed hands and frozen feet were obliged to seek repose in apparel which they had not changed for weeks. On the 17th, while off Fire Island inlet, the great snow storm which visited us so severely arose, and, in the gale of wind which accompanied it from the northeast, the *Princess Louisa* was again driven to sea in a wrecked condition. The decks were covered with ice to the depth of eight or ten inches. The crew endeavored to bear up against the misfortune, but four of them were compelled to retire to their berths. In fact, at one period during the continuance of the storm, the mate and two sailors were all the captain could call upon to assist in navigating the vessel.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—Another mysterious murder has been perpetrated in Bond street, New York city. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a well-known dentist, was found dead in his office, on Saturday morning, by his errand-boy, who had come as usual, about half-past eight o'clock, to attend his office duties. The body was lying upon the floor, shockingly mutilated, and surrounded with clots of blood, and the door and walls of the room besmeared with blood. The inmates being alarmed, Dr. John W. Francis, who lives in the immediate vicinity, was called in to make an examination. He found that Dr. Burdell had been strangled by a ligature applied round the throat, and that no less than fifteen deep wounds, almost any of which would cause death, had been inflicted with some sharp instrument on his person. He had been married, but his wife obtained a divorce from him some few years ago.

THE notorious Preston S. Brooks died recently in Washington from a sudden attack of croup, which followed upon a severe cold, and terminated his life in ten minutes from its first appearance.

THE Hon. Charles Sumner has been re-elected United States Senator, by the House in Massachusetts, by a vote of 333 against 12—these last being divided between Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and one or two others.

AMONG the proceedings of the New York Legislature is a bill appropriating money for a residence for the Governor; a resolution awarding the thanks of the Senate to Lieut. Hartstein, and the introduction of a petition from the Chamber of Commerce praying for a repeal of the usury laws; a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors; and another new charter bill.

DANGER OF USING CHARCOAL.—A day or two since two servant girls of E. H. Mann, residing at Tubby Hook, on the Hudson river, put a kettle of burning charcoal in their room before going to bed. As they were not up at the usual hour, the coachman rapped upon their door and called them, but received no answer. After waiting some time, he rapped again, and, still receiving no answer, concluded something was wrong, and entered the room, when he discovered that they were both dead.

DR. KANE.—The public will be delighted to learn that this eminent man, whose health was despaired of a short while since, and who was said to be suffering under a combined attack of consumption and paralysis, is much better; confident hopes are said to be entertained of his recovery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.—Hugh Miller, the well-known Scotch geologist and man of science, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone," and the editor of the *Witness* newspaper, was found the other day dead in his room, with a bullet-hole through his heart. The manner of his death is field for conjecture. He was in poor health at the time. He was born at Cromarty, in Scotland, of humble parentage, and for fifteen years worked in a quarry as a common laborer, employing his leisure moments in acquiring all the information from books or observations which was possible under the circumstances. The nature of his occupation, probably induced a taste for geological researches, to which of late years he has almost exclusively devoted himself; but his first literary attempts were in another direction. Having received the position of accountant in a bank establishment in his native town, he found more leisure for reading and study, and published in 1835 his first work, "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland," which has been extensively read in this country as well as in England. A letter published in 1839, after the decision of the House of Lords in the Aucheterarder case, in which the schism in the Church of Scotland was involved, drew toward him the attention

of the Evangelical party, and he was appointed editor of the *Witness* newspaper, the metropolitan organ of the Free Church.

ANOTHER BRITISH WAR.—The English are again at war with China. The following appear to be the facts of the case. For the past few months the intercourse between the British authorities and the Governor of Canton has been embarrassed with growing difficulties, the result of the unredressed grievances of British merchants. On the 8th of October the Chinese authorities consummated their career of arbitrary violence by seizing a lorcha under British colors, and making prisoners of the crew. It is stated on good authority that they cut off the heads of four of the crew. The consul, Mr. Parkes, the British agent, on the spot, proceeded first on board the lorcha, and afterward endeavored to obtain an interview with the mandarins. On board the lorcha he was menaced, and the mandarins refused to give any kind of explanation of the proceeding. Admiral Seymour then determined to attack the city itself. A wall, composed partly of sandstone and partly of brick, surrounds Canton; it is about thirty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, and is mounted with cannon. Against this wall a fire was opened on the 27th of October, and by the 29th a practical breach had been opened, through which the troops entered. The Governor's palace, situated in the northwestern part of the city, was gained, but appears not to have proved a position worth holding, for the troops were withdrawn in the evening, with the loss of only three killed and twelve wounded.

INTERFERENCE OF UNITED STATES VESSELS.—It is announced that an American ship was fired into by one of the Chinese forts, whereupon the United States frigate *Portsmouth* destroyed it, and notified the Chinese that unless reparation was made for the insult offered to the American flag, hostilities would be commenced.

TRIBUTE.—A public meeting in London, on motion of Sir Roderick Murchison, has passed the following resolution: That this meeting, highly appreciating the intrepidity and perseverance of Dr. Livingston in his extended and dangerous journeys, deems it incumbent to originate a pecuniary tribute as an expression of their admiration and gratitude for his disinterested and self-denying labors in the cause of science and philanthropy. The subscriptions announced in the course of the evening amounted to upward of £400.

FRANCE and England have settled the Prusso-Swiss difficulty. Switzerland is to set the Royalist filibusters at liberty, on the guarantee of the two Western Powers that Prussia shall renounce all claim to Neuchâtel, acknowledge its independence, and suspend her military preparations.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE WEAR.

AS the air we breathe is the first essential of existence, and food the second, so our clothing may very properly be considered the third. And, as is true in the first cases, the primary use of clothing is for the preservation of health and comfort. Its secondary use, as a decoration, for the purpose of gratifying that taste which is a part of our nature, is also a legitimate one, but it is certainly essential that this inferior object of clothing should not interfere with its first and most important use. But that it often does thus interfere, so that its inferior object comes to be the one of first importance, is very evident, and comfort and life are continually sacrificed from this false rule in the choice of what we wear. In all portions of the world, from infancy to old age, this abuse of clothing is practiced, but it is far more common among enlightened than among less civilized communities, and among our own sex than the sterner portion of creation; thus, in this last instance, reversing the apparent order of nature, for among birds and beasts the males are those which wear the gayest plumage and the richest furs. This is true too among savage nations, where the bravery of dress is universally appropriated by the stronger sex. But we will not quarrel with the progress of civilization for throwing this pleasant folly, if we may so term it, into the hands of the gentler sex, to whom it really seems more appropriate, if woman will only prove that she is not too much imbued with folly to use it with moderation and common sense. When, however, she allows the body to suffer, and become worn out, and prematurely old and ugly in order that she may show her skill in decorating it, she shows neither of these qualities. Not that we would in these remarks draw any invidious comparison between the two sexes, for we believe that in those follies to which men devote themselves, they show just as little wisdom and common sense as their more lectured sisterhood.

If women ruin their health by going out on cold winter nights with bare necks and thin stockings, and put out their eyes over

embroidery frames, in order to create some human and questionable beauty, while they destroy what God made unquestionably beautiful, so do men ruin theirs by hot slings and hot oyster suppers, and grow red and bleary-eyed by keeping their eyes in a constant atmosphere of tobacco-smoke. And, probably, there are just about as many unreasonable persons on the one hand as on the other. An average quality of mind being given, the tendency is that if a woman has a reasonable husband, she will be tolerably reasonable herself; and if a man has a reasonable wife, that fact has a constant tendency to improve the bearings of his own common sense.

We think, too, that there are about as many husbands who wish to see their wives dress gaily, and prompt them to it, as there are wives who dress finely without consulting their husband's wishes. Mr. A. sees Mrs. B. pass by his store, shining with brocades and feathers, and he thinks that his business is quite as good as Mr. B. 's, and that his wife looks as well as Mrs. B., and has just as good a right to be well dressed. So the new brocade is bought and sent home. Or he says to his wife at the dinner-table, "My dear, have you been out to day? Well, I think you ought to try the fresh air. You grow so old from sitting here moping by the fire all the while. And try and dress yourself respectably when you go — I don't wish to have my business disgraced by the shabby appearance you make in the streets." And thus prompted, the wife goes out, and thinking that her husband wishes to see her dress finely, she purchases a set of embroidery a little better than she has yet ventured upon, and some other things that she had not thought of wanting before.

It is true there are many cases where the husband, feeling the pressure upon his purse, regrets and remonstrates against his wife's unreasonable devotion to dress, but there are also an abundance of cases where, for the foolish wish of doing as others do, he prompts her to it, beyond what she would have considered desirable but for the sake of pleasing her husband.

The evil of our devotion to dress simply as a decoration, would not be so great if it were not one that accelerated itself continually like a stone rolling down hill. It seems to be a law of human nature that an object to which we devote ourselves with any degree of success, tends to absorb us and draw away our minds from other things. It is rarely that a person dresses so as to show special skill or superiority therein without becoming wholly absorbed in it, and thus making it a folly instead of an art. It really is an art to dress so as to secure the greatest amount of health and comfort, and at the same time the most sensible adherence to the rules of taste and beauty, and it is an art that should be understood as well as the other common arts of living. But the constant tendency of fashion is to extremes. Common sense says that a child's dress shall be cut short, so that it may not interfere with the newly acquired skill in walking. But the fashionable mother says, "Oh, if my child's dress is to be cut short, I will cut it *very* short, so that people may know that I am thoroughly acquainted with the fashion." And the dress of the little unfortunate is so shortened that the whole of the lower limbs — those coldest portions of the body — are exposed to wind and storm, with only the flimsiest of coverings, and those so filled with skillful perforations that we should weep over the beggar's child who wore such rents a little less gracefully. But the fashionable mother does not think of this in the constant absorption of mind and feeling, by the beauties rather than the comforts of dress. The preparation or the admiration of one beautiful garment suggests a dozen similar ones, which it would be very easy in fancy to possess, and little by little the mind becomes wholly filled with the contemplation of such decorations to the exclusion of every thing reasonable and useful.

The eye becomes so educated to the prevailing fashion — the style of apparel which we see worn by all well-bred people for the time, that any thing which deviates from it, looks singular and absurd, and exposes the wearer to ridicule. We are thus in a measure compelled to follow the ever-varying changes in dress, but we need never do so to such an extent that our dress will be at vari-

ance with reason and common sense. If fashion dictates long dresses, we need not have ours cut so long that they must sweep the streets, and be trodden upon by every one who approaches us. If the style of bonnet is such that it forms only a rosette at the back of the head, we can still have one similarly made, but large enough to give a tolerably respectable covering for the head, without attracting the attention of any but the most captious — the foolishly fashionable and not the common-sense people. If fashion puts on hoops, it shows neither our sense nor our good taste to extend the borders of our garments in such a way that we can not pass the door of a pew at church, or a person on the sidewalk, without driving him into the mud, or go through an ordinary room without putting occupants and furniture to the greatest inconvenience, and brushing over the tottling little people who have as good a right there as we. Those persons show the most good sense and the most good taste who follow a fashion only so far and only so readily as to avoid attracting any special attention. Many a foolish fashion too can be ignored entirely even by those who do not wish to incur the reputation of singularity. A little skill in the arrangement may be made to produce an effect similar to the prevailing mode, so that the deviation will not make the wearer remarkable, and she will win both comfort and respect from failing to follow a fashion which she wholly disapproves.

It should be remembered, too, by all who wish to be reasonable in their dress, that its effect and becomingness do not depend at all upon its expense. Neatness and appropriateness are the first requisites in a dress, the cost of the material is not material to the general effect. A plain white collar leaves the same impression in its relations to the rest of the dress, that is made by the most elaborately embroidered one. And it is the general impression of a dress — the result produced by the relation and fitness of its different parts to each other, that excites admiration and shows good taste, rather than the beauty of any disconnected portion of it. The most beautiful garment may be so incongruously worn, as to make the wearer a perfect fright. If ladies would study neatness

and appropriateness more, and expense and variety less, they would be far better dressed than they are.

And reasonable and right as it is that we should endeavor, according to our judgment and our means, to be neatly and appropriately dressed, yet in these days of female extravagance and ridiculous devotion to dress, it strikes us that persons of real principle will endeavor to keep back, behind the point of expensiveness, and show that the circle to which they belong are striving to attain, rather than to keep pace with it; that resistance, instead of conformity, should be the rule. It is a tide of folly that ought to be resisted. And while resistance to such an extent as would make the non-conformist absurd and pointed at by every one might be worse than useless, the firm and reasonable resistance of every thinking woman to the follies and extravagancies of dress would do a world of good. While it may not be desirable to throw aside all ornament and decoration, it is certainly wise to select such as are worn for their real value and durability, and to be satisfied with them just as long as they will serve their purpose; never allowing yourself to be annoyed because some one has said, "It is the same pin she has worn these ten years," or something of that kind. So long as the article is in a good state of preservation, the service it has already done you may well be considered an additional item in its value. If it was becoming to you once, it is probably becoming to you now, unless, indeed, it was very fashionable when purchased, and is in consequence very much out of fashion now.

Persons of moderate means, or persons who wish to be moderate in dress, should never purchase articles which are conspicuously fashionable. If the article is a valuable and durable one, and you wish to get a reasonable amount of service out of it, you will soon come to be known by the garment, and, as the fashion changes, it will become still more conspicuous. This rule does not apply to articles destined to constant wear, and likely to be worn out before the fashion changes, for in such cases, if your taste accords with the fashion, you may gratify both at the same time. But articles intended for long service should be so selected that their

fashion is not likely soon to change, or if changed that the change shall not be very remarkable.

In the wearing of ornament, it is best to attempt to judge only for yourselves, and not of, or from others. A person may wear an old-fashioned, or a gaudy ring as a memento of some friend, and value it, for a reason of which you can understand nothing. A lady may wear more ornament on a dress than she would otherwise have chosen, from motives of economy, covering up with additional trimming the defects of a dress, that without it would have had to be thrown aside. And people often object to such dresses, whose objection to the trimming is that it is a waste of material, when, in the case in hand, it may have been a saving of material. It is never best for those who are moderate in their notions of dress, to object to an article because it has thus far been adopted only by very fashionable people, for, possibly, it may be best for your own purposes to procure. "She is very gay; she wears feathers," says one; "I never wore a hat with feathers in my life—I am not so extravagant;" when, very probably, the speaker pays twice as much for gay ribbons as the feathers would have cost, and is obliged to change them twice as often, because they are soiled or out of style. A little native skill and good taste will often enable a person to appear always well attired, while those who spend much more time and money for their clothing without securing so desirable a result, will complain of her for her devotion to dress.

However allowable it may be after having secured the first uses of clothing—health and comfort; to see that it adds to, rather than takes from the beauty and symmetry of person, still, it is only folly for woman, who professes to possess both mind and heart, to rely upon it for her attractiveness. A costly or showy apparel forms but a flimsy covering for an empty head and heart. Yet those whose first thought is of the manner in which they shall be attired, who study the hats, and collars, and cloaks, and flounces, they may see, and aim constantly to possess those that are equal or superior to the garments worn by their friends, will soon find that they have neither time nor thought for

any thing else. The manner in which they shall be clothed, becomes the all-absorbing theme of thought and conversation. Whatever gems of mind or graces of spirit they might otherwise have possessed, are wholly emptied out and exhausted upon this worthlessness of external show. Such a state of mind is certainly not very favorable to the growth of graces of the spirit. They are entirely given up for that which has no power of adding to, but much of taking from a woman's real worth. If she possesses any taste, she may thus make herself very attractive to the eye, and people may be pleased to look at her as they would at a fine picture, but when they have done this, they wish to know no more of her, for indeed there is nothing more to know; or, if there is, it is certainly not worth knowing. A lady may show her want of substantial virtues and the flimsiness of her mind, by the extreme fashion and the constant variation of her dress, just as surely as she could show her want of taste and neatness by an ill-worn, soiled, or incongruous apparel. While, therefore, we allow good taste and good sense to hold their consultations with regard to what we wear, they need not hold them so often that our time for other duties shall be in the least infringed upon. Good sense will at once veto any thing which reaches beyond our station in life, or which has mere display for its object.

Two or three years ago there was a spirited discussion in some of our leading papers with regard to the necessary yearly expense of a lady's dress. And a prominent journalist said in reply to some back country correspondent perhaps, that his correspondent did not in the least *understand the quality of lady* indicated by these expensive wardrobes—the quality of the lady being thus made to depend upon the wardrobe. Now it strikes us that this quality of lady may be thoroughly understood even by those who do not approve and have no desire to approach such qualifications. If it can be proved that a *lady* can not move in society without spending two or three thousand dollars a year upon her dress, then there are very few people in our country who have a right to move in society. If such things are appropriate to the courts of Europe,

they certainly do not indicate a *very* democratic republic. And if the term "society" is to be monopolized wholly by these flashing gas illuminations, then the republican women of our country must accept their social enjoyments under some other title.

There is many a dictate of fashion which has no foundation in common sense, and those who follow such dictates without questioning their foundation, show neither reason nor common sense. If a young lady can not go out of a winter's evening without throwing off her warm clothing regardless of her health or the weather, and attiring herself in the flimsiest of gossamers, then she had better remain at home until she has nursed up strength of mind enough to break over a foolish law. Uncounted suffering and loss of life has resulted from this practice. We knew a case recently where a young lady belonging to a consumptive family had to call in a physician in the early autumn for a severe cold she had taken. Under the careful observance of his prescriptions of warm flannels and high-necked dresses she was slowly but surely recovering her health, and called herself nearly or quite well, when in the middle of the winter she was invited to a large party which she wished much to attend. And unable to withstand the caprice which dictated to her the kind of dress she should wear, she threw off thick flannels and bandages, and paddings, and appeared with naked neck and arms, in the thinnest of thin dresses. Of course the cold returned, and in less than a week from that time they dug away the heavy snows of winter, and molded in the frozen earth her final resting-place. If this were an isolated case it would be less worthy of remark, but it is only one among thousands of others.

In our damp and variable climate the use of flannel next the skin, at least in winter, can not be too strongly recommended. From its light and porous texture, it carries off readily the insensible perspiration, and does not easily become wetted or gather dampness as other materials are apt to do. Especially are soft warm woolen hose desirable as a covering for the feet in winter, for those are the portions of the body most exposed to cold, and most liable to gather dampness. "Of all parts of the body," says

a high medical authority, "there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness in the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered stomach; and yet a disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not only apply to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the young and delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. * * * I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress, and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe over the sole, or next to the feet. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred."

RECIPES.

FOR INVALIDS—CONTINUED.

EGG GRUEL.—Boil a pint of new milk; beat four new-laid eggs to a light froth. When the milk boils, remove it to the side of the stove, where it will stop boiling, and pour in the eggs instantly. Stir them all the while for one or two minutes, but do not let them boil. Sweeten with the best of loaf sugar; grate in a whole nutmeg, and add a little salt. Drink a portion of it while warm, and let the rest cool, as it is both food and medicine whether warm or cold. It is said to be excellent in cases of chronic dysentery.

WINE WHEY.—Boil a half pint of new milk, and the moment it comes to a boil pour in two wine glasses of wine sweetened with a teaspoonful of loaf sugar. Let it remain perfectly still till the curds form and settle. Pour off the whey, and add a pint of boiling water and loaf sugar to the taste. This is a strengthening drink in recovery from typhus or other fevers, or in any case of debility.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.—Put a pint of water in a saucepan to boil; stir up a large spoonful of arrow root powder in a cup of water, and pour into the saucepan while the water is boiling; let them boil together two or three minutes; season with nutmeg and loaf sugar. This is very light food for an invalid or an infant. When the system is in a relaxed state, two teaspoonfuls of brandy will add to its efficacy. Milk and loaf sugar boiled with a spoonful of fine flour, well mixed with cold water, stirred in while the milk is boiling, is light and proper food in case of bowel complaints. In all preparations where milk is boiled, close care should be taken that the milk be not scorched. When the milk is placed upon a stove hot enough for ordinary cooking, it is only by constant watchfulness that this will be prevented; but if the vessel containing the milk is placed within another of boiling water, the milk will be a little longer in boiling, but will be secure from burning. Some people have a close-fitting tin porringer with a tight cover, fitted to the top of a teakettle, in which to make these nice dishes for infants or sick persons, and in this way they can be very neatly and safely, as well as rapidly prepared.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PARLOR DRAMAS; OR, DRAMATIC SCENES, FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. By WILLIAM B. FOWLE. Boston: MORRIS COTTON.

This work is a companion for "Fowle's Hundred Dialogues," that special favorite of the school-boys, and consists of a number of original dialogues upon popular subjects, and fitted for simple representation. The pieces are appropriate for the school room as well as the parlor, and the work is well worthy the attention of teachers and pupils.

THE ELECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. New York: W. H. BIDWELL, Editor and Proprietor.

The number for January is before us, and we are glad to see that this old favorite of the public still keeps its well-earned reputation. It gathers the best portion of the substantial foreign journals, and presents them to us in a compact and eligible form. The present number is embellished with mezzotints of the Emperor of Russia, and of Dr. Chalmers. Five dollars per annum.